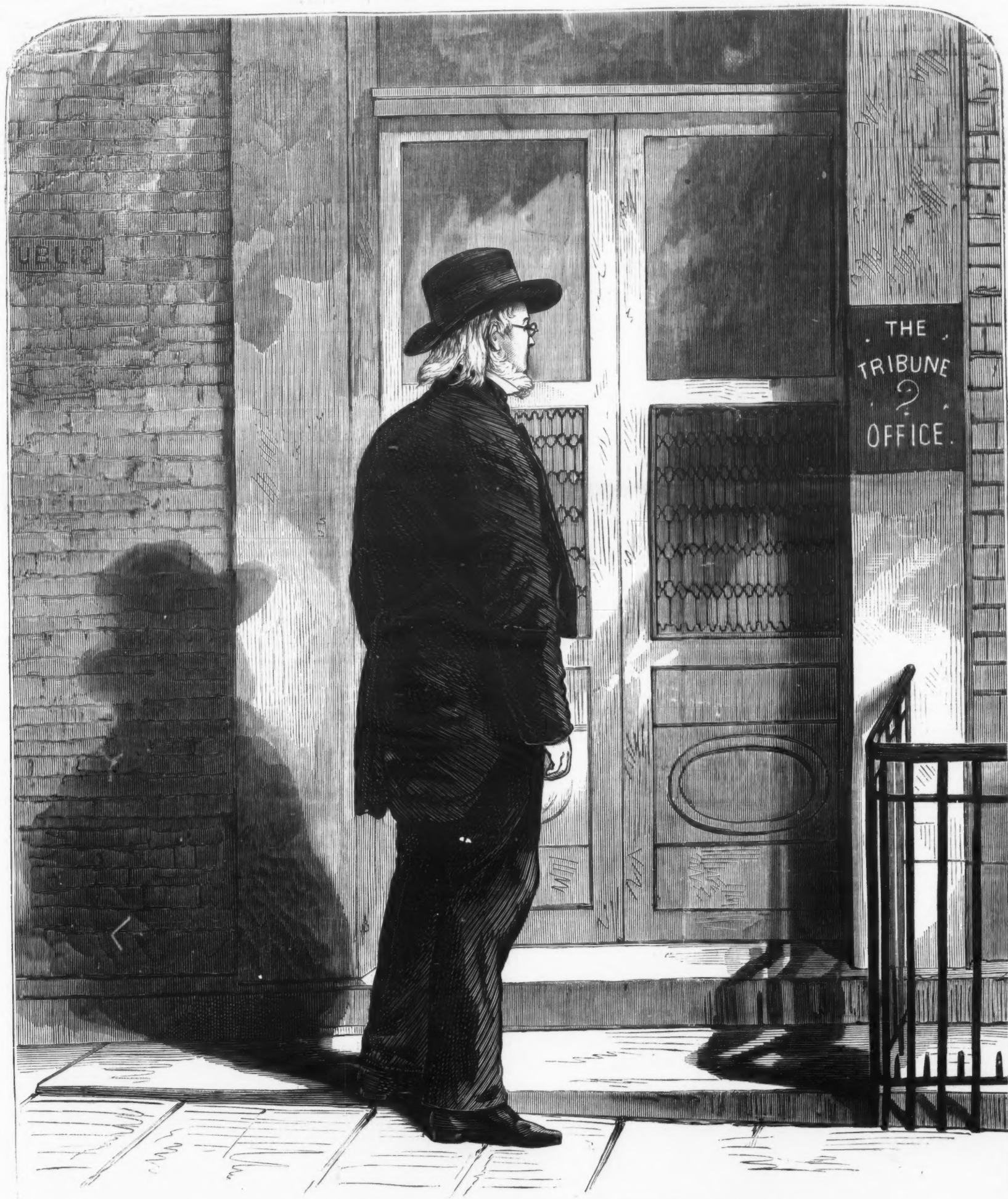


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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HORACE GREELEY'S LAST VISIT TO THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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TO THE PUBLIC.

It was intended to present our readers with a supplement to the present number of this paper in the form of a panoramic view of the great Boston fire. The death of Mr. Greeley has compelled us to alter our plan, and to substitute a supplement devoted exclusively to the incidents connected with that sad event. We beg the indulgence of our readers under the circumstances, and assure them that the Boston supplement will appear at an early day, and that it will be the most perfect of its kind ever issued.

DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

THE death of Horace Greeley is a loss to the world. His usefulness was co-extensive with civilization, for he was a man of noble impulses, of bold, original mind, of unselfish and philanthropic aims, unflinching in purpose, diligent, always in the path of that progress which, as we hope and believe, tends to the glory of God in the elevation of our race. Pure and guileless as a child, of course he was unsuspecting and easily preyed on by the adventurers in politics who used and abused his noble nature. Mr. Greeley's impulses occasionally led him astray in cases where his heart too much prevailed; but, in the end, wisdom triumphed, and fairly illumined his long and prominent career, which is most notably seen in the history of Slavery since he came upon the stage of action.

Mr. Greeley was pre-eminently an American. His heart and soul were bound up with the American destiny, and all his strong and manly points were representative of his countrymen. And he was good as well as great. He died a martyr to the Union; for his life was worn out in his struggle to restore love between the sections. Men may differ about the wisdom of his course in the late campaign, but now that the grave has closed over him, his motives will be appreciated and revered by all, and his memory will shed a blessed influence among his countrymen. Over that grave, at least, the sections "will clasp hands." And the last great work of his life—as immortalized in his campaign speeches—will survive with the Farewell Address of George Washington.

It is sad to lose the active aid of such a man at such a time. And yet it is providential; for, his eloquent voice will plead for peace, liberty, morality, love and union, from the tomb, as it could not do with the same effect were he yet among us, to encounter the bitterness of selfish opposition and of misconstruction of motives. He is stricken down in harness, at a time and under circumstances when his death will animate the living to complete the work which he began.

LIVINGSTONE—STANLEY—BENNETT.

FAME is, to vary slightly the words of Bacon, the lot of many men, but it is given to few to be not only famous themselves, but the cause of fame in others. We except, of course, biographers, whose work has exceeded their material, and whose renown is not inferior to that of the heroes with whom they are, in the memories of mankind, inseparably connected. But the celebrated men to whom we allude now have mainly been their own historians, and the record of their deeds has likewise been the record of their lives. Their companions and associates, when they had any, fill but subordinate places in the stories of achievements which shed lustre on their age. They may have been zealous, discreet, faithful, and, in every way indispensable, but the grand central figure is the hero himself, and the glory of his success is shared by none.

Thus, among the band of Central African discoverers, which includes such names as Park, Bruce, Burton, Speke, Grant, each has been the narrator of his own deeds, and the sole hero of his work. But when we come to the greatest of all, Livingstone, there is one name which will for ever be entwined with his, and that name is Stanley. Not as an associate, not as a co-worker, hardly as a companion, certainly not a sharer in the grandest and most difficult of all modern enterprises. The simple glory of Stanley is, that whereas Livingstone discovered the true sources of the Nile, Stanley discovered Livingstone. Yet the

fame of Livingstone is in no way lessened, but rather heightened, by all that Stanley has done, while it is the good fortune of the latter to have won an enviable renown for himself by his association with the glory of Livingstone.

The story is one with which all our readers must by this time be familiar. What to our minds is most to be admired is the audacity that planned the enterprise, and the resolution and courage, tempered with prudence, that carried it to a successful issue; while, as if to heighten its merits, and to show that the achievement, however easy it might appear from a distance, yet demanded a rare combination of faculties to insure success, an expedition started under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of London, supplied with money ostentatiously collected for the "Livingstone Search and Relief Fund," and commanded by Lieutenant Dawson, arrived at Zanzibar while Stanley was in the interior, and after loitering on the coast, finally, and, as the event has proved, for reasons quite insufficient, abandoned the object for which it was fitted out, on finding that it had been forestalled by the energy and directness of aim of a single man.

It is quite possible that this expedition might have been successful if Stanley had failed, or the idea of his journey had never been conceived, but it can hardly be imagined that the same frank welcome with which Livingstone greeted Stanley would have awaited Lieutenant Dawson, hampered as he was with instructions unworthy of the Society which sent him out, and which would have made him little better than a spy upon the great traveler; but we may be sure that no such praise and honor could have crowned the leaders of that expedition as Stanley has won.

The rare integrity of Mr. Stanley and his devotion to the interests of his employer ought not to be suffered to pass without remark. With unlimited means at his command, and with plausible reasons against an immediate return, the temptation to remain with Dr. Livingstone and share the remaining perils of his journeyings must have been great. But, no! He had done all he was sent to do, and done it well. His duty was to return home, and back he came. Of his reception in England, we need say nothing. The sneers of incredulity which first greeted him have been fully atoned for, and as far as public honors, royal gifts, and esteem of great and good men, can make amends for injustice, he can have nothing to complain of. It is something to have borne down opposition, and to have silenced criticism—

"To win the wise who frowned before,
To smile at last."

We can understand and pardon the soreness of the English in seeing a foreigner step in, and in a few short months snatch a prize they had not, till too late, the pluck or courage to contest. Beaten at Geneva, worsted in San Juan, they have not even the consolation in being foremost in geographical discoveries; for, in addition to being distanced in Africa, it seems probable that at no distant day another nation will bear away the last remaining great prize of discovery by first entering the hitherto inaccessible Polar Sea.

We may confess that on the first publication of Dr. Livingstone's letters, we shared in the common doubt as to their genuineness, founded upon the incongruity—to use a mild term—of many of the phrases they contained. How these arose has now been fully explained, and as theologians say that "he who never doubted never believed," we may claim a sound foundation for our present faith in Mr. Stanley.

It is saying but little that Mr. Bennett's share in this enterprise has been most honorable to himself. No praise can be too high for the manliness he has shown. It may suit the policy of this gentleman to make his private acts of munificence resound to the credit of the journal of which he is now the proprietor, but the public generally will make a wide distinction between Mr. Bennett and the *Herald*. We should be sorry, indeed, to think that one was the synonym of the other.

Mr. Stanley is now among us, and if any words of ours can make his reception in his native land more gratifying than it has been, we gladly add our cordial welcome to that of his numerous friends.

REFORM IT ALTOGETHER.

WE have already suggested in these columns (what some daily journals of late advocate), i. e., the importance of so changing the time for holding State elections that these shall not be made to control, as hitherto they have done, the Presidential result. The history of Presidential elections demonstrates that the example of a few leading States in October—to say nothing of the earlier lead in New England—settles the Presidential vote. This is all well for one party to-day, but all ill, perhaps, for the same party to-morrow. As the lawyers phrase it, it is "an undue influence."

Man is a queer animal. Under excitement, and in the mass (we do not like to say that

he acts like a sheep), he certainly plunges recklessly after the bell-wether. He will do this everywhere. He does it in cases of fire, of ship-founding, of horse-racing, of smallpox and cholera, of fashion, of stock-jobbing, of amusement, and even of religion and charity. To "go with the crowd," is a maxim. So we rush, as on cars and ferryboats, with the stream, as if the rivers must become dry in ten minutes more, or the rails disappear from the track, did we not elbow and push along with the current.

In political matters this tendency is notably conspicuous; and it is this string which your cool and experienced wirepuller uses to controlling advantage in all Conventions. Get up confusion, close balloting, then wild excitement, and next a *coup d'état*, and then the impetuous mass go for the bait like greedy catfish. They yell, stamp, throw up their caps and become frantically inspired, by sheer force of magnetism, over a nomination which, in their sober senses, often they would reject. In this respect, crudely organized bodies of men are alike everywhere. It is not so much courage as it is the inflexible discipline of the battlefield and of the ship which enables the soldier or sailor to keep his head amidst panic and storm.

An election is contested with great warmth up to a given time. The betting runs high with outsiders, but betting is cool and wary with the knowing ones. Now, one or more important States lead off in a preliminary skirmish. Behold the flutter! Reason is almost gone with the masses; grave issues are lost sight of. Betting becomes bullying and bluster. It creates a stampede. The canvass is converted into a huzza for the winning horse. What a temptation there is thus thrown out to bold, cautious, reckless gamblers in politics, to concentrate corruption, and lawlessness on the States which thus control a Presidential election!

Beyond all: To hold such elections with grave regard to the philosophy of what we are enforcing, is to afford the public time for reflection, and to secure the unbiased ballot of every voter; that is, unbiased by the undue influence which we are combating. All law is founded on experience in human nature. On this experience civilized government is based, and out of this experience we deduce the Philosophy of Statesmanship. This Philosophy warns us to keep the national ballot aloof from the temptations which now beset it, as these beckon to power and fraud, under the case which we have stated.

A GRAND NEW YORK HOTEL FOR MURDERERS.

THE United States have acquired a proud pre-eminence over all the countries in the Old World by their sumptuous caravanserais. These are employed both for the housing of travelers and that section of the community which prefers the luxurious style of living and *déjà* style of existence current in our hotels, to the plainer and more private life in a four-story brown-stone tenement in even our most fashionable thoroughfares.

It has, however, been reserved for the Empire City of this hemisphere to make another step in hotel life, in advance both of Europe and her sister cities upon this continent.

She has constituted the Tombs—once an ominous and uncomfortable name for those who were committed for safe custody to its precincts—into a huge hotel for the accommodation of the highly respectable and gentlemanly class who amuse themselves by the shortening of human life among their fellows. It for some short space of time threatened not to become thoroughly popular. We are, however, gratified to state, that during the last two years it has asserted its claim to prominence. At present it is largely, although, possibly, not sufficiently patronized. But, we have strong hopes of its asserting its position more extensively. It has, already, a *clientèle* varying a trifle under or over thirty, and the promise is, that if matters progress favorably in the course of the next year, it will doubtless receive a much larger number of boarders.

Since that eminent civic man-slayer, Mr. Stokes, took up his abode within it, and experienced its luxurious accommodations, with their immunity from all annoyance, except his occasional subjection to the temporary inconvenience of a trial, it has grown rapidly in public estimation.

Such individuals as Mr. Scannell and Mr. King have envied his position, as well as that of Mr. Foster and others, so free from all extraneous annoyance, and in which they can indulge their taste for luxury without being intruded upon, save by their own permission. At the same time, it is undoubtedly flattering to that love of notoriety which, in common with the rest of us, they possess, that from time to time they are "interviewed" by the reporters of the Daily Press, and are able to give—at second-hand, it is true—their views to the outside world, on all subjects, blood-letting included, which may arise in the course of conversation.

Of course, the luxury of their apartments and their food, wines and cigars included,

depends in a measure, if not wholly, upon their means.

But, so it would do in any of our leading hotels.

It, however, possesses a striking advantage. They are totally free from the very objectionable presence of any close personal friend of the individuals whose lives they may have taken. Consequently, they are not at all subjected to the chance-impulse of having like returned for like. Hence, they have no prospect of expiating their own little peccadilloes by receiving a knife-thrust in the *thorax* or a pistol-shot in the *abdomen* from any one who might be irrationally or ignorantly irritated by the equanimity with which the law regards their breaches of it, at the expense of those whom he has chanced to regard with some affection. They also possess the other privileges which would belong to them in any leading hotel.

They can dress in the extreme of fashion, be attended every morning by a first-class barber or hair-dresser, have their meals sent in from a first-rate *restaurateur*, be supplied with wine from their peculiar wine-merchant, smoke the finest Cabaños or Conchas, and receive any first-class female friend at stated hours—provided that they can afford to pay the regular tariff for such creature comforts. They can digest their matutinal coffee and eggs over a copy of the *New York Herald* or *Tribune*, as they choose, and subscribe to a circulating library, if they require any such literary *pabulum*. In short, no enjoyment is denied them, if only they have money enough in their purses, save the somewhat perilous one they might experience in a daily ramble along Broadway.

To tell the truth, such a life would be thoroughly happy and delightful, were it not for an occasional doubting dread which may sometimes present itself. This is, whether or not, at some distant day, public wrath may not scoff at the loving delicacy of the law, and, seizing on them in spite of the bolts and bars which now secure them, bring them before the improvised tribunal of a modern Judge Lynch. When this thought possibly occurs to them, it may momentarily interfere with their digestion and their slumber. But, in another moment, it will have passed away. Knowing what New York is, they shrug their shoulders and smile, feeling that the strong arm of the law protects them, as it had failed to do those for whose deaths they enjoy the delights of the "Grand New York Hotel for Murderers," THE TOMBS.

LET THE PEOPLE ELECT THE PRESIDENT.

WHY shall not the people elect the President directly? Why shall the great body of men be forced to select between two candidates, thrust on them by caucuses? Is there sense or safety in this course? Do we select the best men in this way?

As we demonstrated in a former number of this journal, the idea of a popular election of a President is only recognized in our Constitution by the fact of Presidential Electors. It is the Electors who are voted for. These Electors are not selected by any caucus. On the contrary, they represent the different States, and their constitutional qualification is, that they shall not be persons in any way connected, as office-holders, with the Federal patronage. It is perfectly constitutional for these Electors, when they assemble to cast the Presidential vote, to vote for whom they please—for anybody, for persons not mentioned in the canvass.

It is easy to see in this idea the germ of what we advocate now, which is, to get rid of the corrupting influences which the office-holding machinery throws into the scale; to give to State preferences greater weight, and so to determine nominations for a second term, on the one hand, and to break down those combinations of professional politicians who form rings throughout the country, and barter nominations for pledges of patronage and position with the contracting candidates.

Besides, it is a fact that our best men will not enter the dirty scramble of politics, as now managed by the caucus system. The true gentleman shrinks from bargains and pledges, as the price of an exalted non-partisan and patriotic office like the Presidency. One has only to consult the private memoirs of the Fathers of the Republic to see the shrinking delicacy with which such men as Washington, Jefferson and Madison regarded this thing.

But, while it is true that no man exactly fit for the Presidency will gamble for it, it is equally true that he who can consent to gamble for the Presidency in the first place, will not scruple to employ all the arts of corruption to secure his second term. Now, it is to get rid of the abuse of the Federal machine by a President on the one hand, and to break down the corrupting influence of rings of trading politicians on the other, which we would secure by remitting the Presidential ballot directly to the people. As it stands, the Electors, by force of precedent, feel bound to register the decree of the election, whose suc-

successful candidate is not the offspring of the people, but of a caucus. And one main truth strikes us on the threshold of this subject, which is, that, left to themselves, the people of the United States, under ordinary circumstances, will put forward their best men, such as have State records, as private and public men, which are fit, and which should be indispensable, antecedents in him who seeks to rise into the rank of the first citizen of the Republic.

After a war, the public reason seems to be swallowed up in gratitude for its heroes. But our experience teaches that we must guard against this drift toward a military Republic. And we can do it in no way so well as by so distributing the Presidential chances as that the reflection of the great body of the voters shall do its proper work in the election of President of the United States. The cumulative system of voting, as now experimented upon in Illinois, seems to be one step in this direction.

We shall pursue this topic from time to time, until we present our views, as they regard the practical working of our idea, in its details.

"CLAR DE KITCHEN."

OUR Radical friends send us privately good news from Washington. They profess that they are about to join the ranks of the Reform Party—Grant and all! In sober earnest, parties influential with the Administration write us to the effect that the coming session of Congress will be quite sensational after the holidays. Let us explain.

It seems—from these our private letters—that the Administration leaders have resolved to investigate the investigators. In other words, that the one-sided Congress feels called upon (under Grant's spur) to investigate the main charges on which the Government was arraigned in the late canvass. This show of virtue the Reformers have forced on the Administration. It remains now to be seen whether or not this profession is the trade trickery of the Tombs slyster, or a high, conscientious, statesmanlike determination to reform the Public Service.

In the first place, the Committees, if raised as suggested, must be fairly constructed, or it will be evident that whitewashing and suppression, not truth and public information, will be the object of the Congressional pettifoggers. The minority must be represented on these Committees by their ablest men. The law of evidence must then be enforced, as at common law. There must be no choking down or evasion. The examinations must overwhelmingly demonstrate a search after the truth, or else the trick will be plainly seen through, as one foisted on the nation by the great majority of the men accused, only to silence, by false pretenses, by a show of investigation, those accusations of fraud, extravagance, lawlessness and corruption which the Administration cannot honestly meet; but on which issues, nevertheless, it would coerce a lying judgment in its favor.

First, then, the constitution of the Committees must show the real object of the Administration. And then (foremost) we must have light on the Crédit Mobilier matter. The members of Congress implicated by Oakes Ames can only clear their skirts by proving that Oakes Ames falsely represented their complicity with him, for private purposes of his own. If Ames was guilty of the latter meanness, he should be summarily expelled from his seat. Now that the Administration has "all its needs, it must needs," as *Touchstone* hath it, "be virtuous; or its enormity will swell and swell, till fairly it landeth in hell." And to get rid either of the Ames or of such corrupt members of Congress as he implicates, is a prime necessity. Congress is really the governing power of the nation. It has become so by events. It is the salt of the system; and if the salt hath lost its savor, all is lost and gone. Mr. Ames must be sharply examined. Let us see if he can explain his memorandum, and also what he meant by causing the letter to be written to that Senator which was sent by McComb to Mr. Bayard.

Then the Black Friday business. We must know how it happened that the President and his family were so mixed up with that speculation, which enriched a few at the cost of widespread ruin. We must know how it was that Secretary Boutwell was advised by Gould, Fisk & Co. in the premises. We are glad to note that the *Atlantic Monthly* has joined in this demand.

If General Grant is disposed to go the whole length of that Reform on which the Cincinnati and Baltimore movement is based, he will help to consolidate our party, and leave a glorious name yet. He has begun well in the matter of the Philadelphia Postmaster. Let him now push these investigations to a sufficient length to satisfy the public judgment. And if it appear from them that he has been duped by rogues, the nation will excuse that inexperience in public affairs which was so imposed on. Let him declare for the limitation of the Presidential tenure to one term. Let him retire his

family relatives from office. Let him promptly dismiss the military ring which surrounds him, and which is there contrary to express law, as well as against the spirit of our institutions. Let him get rid of the Dents, especially of that Dent who is notoriously established in Washington as a mere office-broker and lobbyist and trader in Presidential influence. Let him do these things, and others which logically belong to them, and all the lesser matters will be condoned.

In this way, General Grant will, to use a coarse word, smash the corrupt rings that have been practicing on him. He will disperse that selfish and personal and venal party which is all that is left of the old war Radicals. He will bury the Rebellion. He will have peace. He will comprehend that opposition to him has given him that great support so well expressed by the French publicist who said, "There can be no support without resistance." If General Grant can rise to the height of the situation, he will drive the hounds out of their kennels, and restore peace and purity and statesmanship. He will turn his back on such tools as Senator Harlan, of the *Washington Chronicle*, which aspires to be his organ. He will regard Morton as the mere party creature that he is. In the words of the old negro song, he will "clar de kitchen."

ASSOCIATIONS TO PREVENT CRIME.

EVEN the most staid journals are debating about the necessity which exists for Vigilance Committees. It seems to be conceded on all sides that the administration of criminal justice is a failure as it stands. And it is equally obvious that the means at hand are not enough, either in quantity or quality, to prevent much crime which might be crushed in the bud.

In this connection we have been led to think of the idea of Voluntary Associations to Prevent Crime, modeled after Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; for example, whose members shall be clothed by law with the power to make arrests on view. The objection to this idea, viz., that of its irresponsibility and the excesses to which it might lead, are seen at a glance; but it is our deliberate opinion that the benefits which would flow from such legalized associations would so exceed any possible ill to the citizen that could come from them, as to far outweigh the jealous objection.

All authority (we waive metaphysics) is, in one sense, an invasion on natural rights. The use of all authority implies its abuse. The first necessity of social man is to part with natural rights (in their widest sense) for the benefit of the State, and even to submit to wrongs, when such overtake him through innocent and mistaken acts, which are done with the good motive of preserving the peace and order of society. This latter principle prevails conspicuously in the appropriation of another's land for railroad purposes, and in cases where neighboring property thereto is really needlessly injured by firemen when a conflagration is raging, and the like. And we need not exemplify its application in a state of war.

We cannot reason against the use of a thing from its possible abuse. But in such societies as we propose, none should be permitted as members but such as are well-known citizens, who should be selected from among the volunteers, because of their higher standing, and whose official conduct should be subjected, at any time, to legal investigation; and, of course, if a case of outrage were made out to justify it, liable to fine or imprisonment at the suit of the party aggrieved. A penalty of this sort would not deter good men from joining such associations; and its existence in the statute would create quite as much responsibility as pertains to Mr. Bergh, or to the police, or to deputy sheriffs.

Associations like these, permeating every ward, would have members walking, visiting and riding, at all hours, everywhere throughout the city. Armed with power to arrest, how much crime they might prevent! To illustrate this thought by one notorious fact: Suppose when the man Foster insulted the ladies who were with the Mr. Putnam who was killed some minutes afterward by a car-hook, that Foster, the homicide, had been promptly arrested by some member of such association who might have been on the car—in that case murder would have been prevented.

It is useless to multiply illustrations. Our ferries, wharves, need this vigilance, so do our stages, and cars, and barrooms. We hope to see the subject discussed.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. III.

DEAD?

A STRANGE discussion is going on about dead parties. Its foes would have us believe that the Liberal Democratic Party is dead. Neither Sumner, nor Schurz nor Trumbull, nor any of the great leaders of the Liberal Republican Party, is dead. Nor are their

followers. They are alive, in position, alert to defend, to maintain, to perpetuate the principles of the Cincinnati and Baltimore Platform. And the memory of the martyred Greeley almost hallows the work in which he died.

Undoubtedly, most of the old Democratic issues are dead; but that party (called by what name it may be) must survive, in its essentials, with the life of the Government itself, which is the champion of Decentralization as opposed to Consolidation and of State Rights, as these were arbitrated by the late war; and who are the support of a stern opposition to the encroachments of Federal power against the sacredness of the ballot. I say that such a party must exist with the existence of the Republic. Economical questions, of which the tariff is one, will no longer be debated as Fundamental Principles. But, to assert union everywhere, freedom everywhere, the rightful power of the States and of the citizen everywhere within our borders, and a pure Civil Service which rejects Presidential nepotism, rings, laziness, neglect, voluptuousness, the participation of members of the Government in the strife of State elections, and which, based alone on merit, shall supersede the present debasement of such service which has been distributed of late as so much spoils for the victors at party hustings—these vital needs proclaim, with a loud voice, the life of an Opposition to that policy of the Government which has obtained for the past four years.

Dead? Every day the official figures, as they are collected, more and more clearly demonstrate that it was the withdrawal of the Opposition from the field, after the October elections, which gave his re-election to General Grant. Or if this body of men did not exactly amount to such a power, undoubtedly they came so near to it as to present to-day as formidable an Opposition Party as has existed in the country.

The Opposition which Martin Van Buren seemed to have scattered in 1836, rose in its majesty in 1840, and swept the land like a tornado; and the same fact is traced from Pierce's day, until the successful party under him was merged in the great Republican Party under Lincoln.

Dead? If the Opposition Party were really dead, mark what must follow: *In that case, we should accept one man and one party as our political condition; one man with an indefinite lease of power, as opposed to its constitutional limitation. Our frequent popular elections, which, by the agitation of a powerful and able Opposition, subject authority and its acts to the verdict of the masses, must practically be stricken down, and in their stead we would have left—only the permissive privilege of the Plébisците and the quiet of Despotism.*

Truth never dies. Here are the "eternal years of God." What is really dead is the Past. And out of its ashes and ruins we have founded, and now we must build up, our New Party. Talk, therefore, everywhere, friends, about the organization and consolidation of the New Party. Why waste your breath and ink on pernicious abstractions? JUNIUS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Sea-fowling in the Faroe Islands.

Few people ever cast a thought to a little group of twenty-two islands lying between the Shetland Isles and Iceland—the Faroe Islands. Rugged and barren, these islands, which belong to Denmark, offer no inducement to emigrants, and their inhabitants (in all about 9,000) retain their primitive habits, manners and customs. Only seventeen of the Isles are inhabited, and even these afford but little field for cultivation. Among the staple productions of these islands are the feathers, or, rather, the down, of the innumerable sea-fowl which find a home in the steep and craggy rocks of the coast. The pursuit of these birds is extremely hazardous, and needs peculiar nerve and skill. The fowler is let down by a rope from the summit of the cliff. A rope three inches thick is wound round his waist, while a broad band of leather round his loins serves him as a seat, by which he is enabled to work for hours together. The rope, frequently two or three hundred fathoms long, is held by his companions, who let him gently down the cliff, he having a little cord in his hand with which he signals to them to stop or proceed. To prevent the rope from being cut by the sharp edges of the projecting rock, a sort of rude crane is rigged up, while the man utilizes his pole to save himself from being dashed against the side. When the wished-for ledge or cave has been reached, the man stops and secures his birds by taking them from their nests with his hands, with the help of his net when they are actually in flight. In one afternoon an experienced man may take from two to four hundred fowl. When caught, the fowler wrings the birds' necks, and a sufficient number being obtained, ties them in bunches and telegraphs to his companions above to hoist them up, or throws them down to friends in a boat below.

Funeral Ceremonies in Paris—The Toilet of the Coachmen.

We described last week the toilet of the mutes employed as mourners in Parisian funerals, and for the benefit of our readers who may not have read that description, we repeat that there is a company in Paris which has the monopoly of conducting funerals, and which employs the mutes and all other attendants, and supplies all the usual paraphernalia of woe. Inasmuch as this company provides all the accompaniments of a first-class funeral, its departments and bureaus are necessarily numerous, and among them one of by no means small importance is the dressing-room of the coachmen, of which we present an illustration, in which these usually lively personages are transformed by the art of dress into the most sombre-looking individuals that could be desired for such an occasion.

The Recent Floods—Scene at Northwich, in Cheshire.

During the last few weeks an exceptional quantity of rain has fallen, especially in England and Italy, and in both countries disastrous floods have resulted. In England the damage inflicted has extended over a large tract of country, especially in the northern, northwestern, and midland counties. At Nottingham the Trent overflowed that portion of the town known as the "Meadows," and the surrounding country assumed the appearance of a vast lake.

Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire also suffered severely. Large tracts of country also were flooded by the Tyne, and immense injury done to the crops and cattle. Providentially, few human lives have been lost. Our engraving represents a scene during the great flood at Northwich, in Cheshire. Northwich, the grand seat of the salt trade, is situated on the River Weaver, near to its junction with the Dune. These rivers are subject to floods, and owing to the recent heavy rains, the water rose about ten feet above its ordinary level, and part of the town in High Street, near the river, was inundated to the depth of five feet. In several shops the water rose higher than the counters, causing stoppage of business and great damage to property.

The First Railway in Japan.

In the present number we give an illustration of the formal opening, by the Mikado in person, of the first railway in Japan, running between Jeddo and Yokohama, and which is fully described in another column. As an interesting accompaniment, and also as a specimen of the progress of art among the Japanese, we give a sketch of the railway in operation from the pencil of a native artist, which, if it does not equal our photographic view in faithfulness of representation, still shows, like all Oriental sketches, an accuracy of detail and an ambition which is certain to lead to improvement.

A November Fog in London.

A London fog of the highest type is almost worth crossing the Atlantic to behold. An inferior imitation may occasionally be met with at Manchester, and even Paris of late years, since scores of tall chimneys arose in the districts of Belleville and Montmartre, sometimes arrays herself in saffron-tinted robes; but altogether, as regards fogs, neither Manchester nor Paris can hold a candle to London. There are two distinct species of London fog, though they are frequently found in combination. In the first description of fog the atmosphere below is comparatively clear, so that locomotion is not impeded; but the sky overhead is covered with a mantle varying in tint from pea-soup color to ink black. The other description of fog generally comes on after sunset, is far more dangerous, and is fortunately much rarer. The fog of this quality is usually lighter in color; but it descends to the level of the ground, and is sometimes so thick that a man cannot see the horse he is driving. This is the sort of a fog depicted by our artist.

A Mountain Cheesemonger in the Tyrol.

The main chain of the Alps runs entirely through the Tyrol from west to east, and thus the arable land forms only a sixth of the whole country, the rest being either pasture or absolutely sterile. The wealth of the inhabitants lies principally in cattle, which furnish milk and cheese, the chief food of the inhabitants. The real Alpine cowherd leads a hard life, as for six or eight months of the year he is banished from the haunts of men; above the clouds, occupying a miserable chalet, he is in frequent danger of avalanches, and he must take care that his charge do not fall over the precipices. The day on which the cattle return from the Alps is one of rejoicing both to the master and the cowherd, provided the supply of butter and cheese be large and the herd healthy. The cattle are decorated with ribbons and marshaled in regular procession. The cheese is purchased by itinerant dealers, who, being provided with trucks drawn by dogs, carry their merchandise into various parts of the country and offer it for sale.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Thanksgiving Matinées at the New York Theatres were well attended.

BRIGNOLI has signed an engagement with the director of the Scala, at Milan.

MILÉ ARMÉR will begin a season of operabouffe at the Olympic, December 9th.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS has given an interesting dramatic recital at Steinway Hall, New York.

THE wax-works of Mrs. Jarley, at Association Hall, on November 26th, drew a good house.

MISS NELSON's rendering of *Juliet*, at Booth's Theatre, has been received with marks of great favor.

THE first concert of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn was given on Saturday evening, Nov. 30th.

MR. BARNUM's Hippodrome on Fourteenth Street had three immense audiences on Thanksgiving.

MR. STANLEY gave the first lecture in his course on the finding of Dr. Livingstone, December 3d, at Steinway Hall.

NIBLO's GARDEN was finally and positively reopened with the spectacle of "Leo and Lotos" on Saturday, November 30th.

THE burlesque of "Kenilworth" was brought out at the Olympic Theatre November 29th, with Lydia Thompson as *Leicester*.

THE Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe close their engagement at the Olympic Theatre on the 6th of December, with "Barbe Bleue."

MR. CHARLES FISHER has made a great hit in his rôle of *Falstaff*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

BROUGHAM's "Atherley Court" will soon be brought out at the Union Square Theatre, where the last nights of "Agnes" are announced.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM's romantic drama of "The Lily of France," with the presence of Miss Helen Temple, will soon be brought out at Booth's.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," at the Grand Opera House, is a jolly jingle of local incidents and scenes, with a plot depending upon a singular will for elaboration.

PERFORMANCES of German opera are given three times a week at Terrace Garden, under Mme. Lichtmay's management, and are proving very successful.

LUCCA appeared in "La Favorita" on Thanksgiving Eve, before a good audience. The last week of the season opened on Monday, December 2d, with "Mignon."

THE theatrical wardrobe of the late Walter Montgomery was sold at auction in London recently. A full costume for *Hamlet* sold for \$7, and one for *Othello* only brought \$10. The first dress in *Julius Caesar*, including breastplate, helmet and plume, was knocked down for \$15, while the merino shirt, toga and undershirt of *Coriolanus* were bought at little over \$2. Very handsome dresses for *Romeo* and *Charles Surcouf* met purchasers at \$9 each, and a *Macbeth* costume, comprising "three sarcoats, spangled gauntlets, neck piece, head piece, and crimson cloth robe with jeweled bosses," was sold \$15. The costume *Claude Melnotte* wears when personating the *Prince* was bought for \$11. The whole lot realized only \$285.

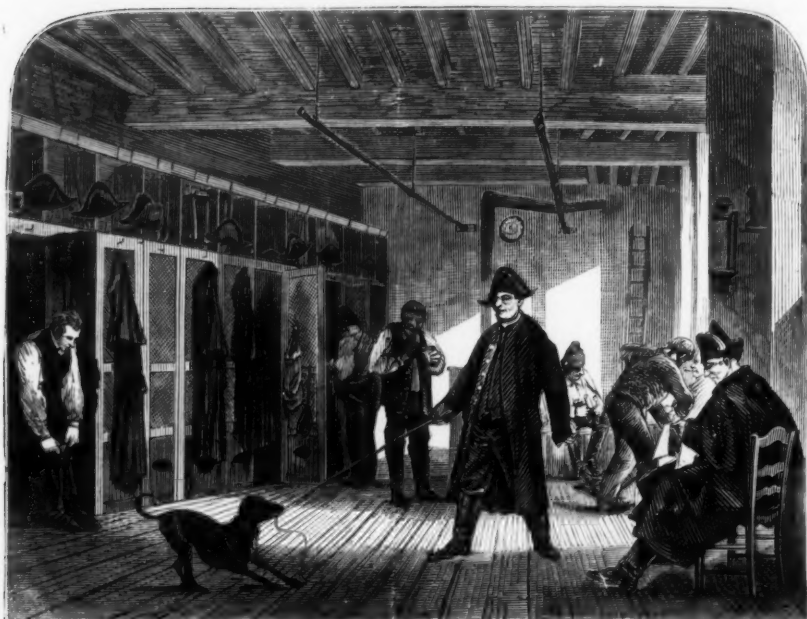
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



DENMARK.—SEA-FOWLING IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.



JAPAN.—THE FIRST RAILWAY—SKETCHED BY A NATIVE ARTIST.



FRANCE.—PARISIAN TYPES—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—THE DRESSING-ROOM OF THE COACHMEN.



ENGLAND.—A NOVEMBER FOG IN LONDON.



ENGLAND.—THE RECENT FLOODS—SCENE AT NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE.



AUSTRIA.—A MOUNTAIN CHEESEMONGER IN THE TYROL.

AMONG THE RUINS OF
THE BOSTON FIRE.

WE give this week several views of the ruins of the Boston fire, which has already been faithfully and fully illustrated and described in our columns.

They possess a marked historical interest, as they represent the condition of the burnt district as it appeared a few days ago. By this time, with the wonderful enterprise and recuperative powers of the Bostonians, the *débris* has been nearly all removed, and the foundations laid for future mercantile establishments. Our full page shows the area and appearance of the district, with the several buildings that have remained unscathed by the fire, and the wharves and river in the distance. The smaller ones show the archway of ruins on Milk Street, and the ruins of Franklin Square.

Franklin Square was the busiest and wealthiest quarter of the city, and filled with commanding granite, marble, iron, brown-stone and brick buildings. The stock of goods on hand was very large, and almost all became a total loss.

The archway of ruins on Milk Street is an artistic freak of the fire-fiend, and presents the appearance of some classical ruin of ancient Rome or Greece, Babylon, Thebes or Tyre. The arch is formed by a mass of *débris* falling over and across two pillars. The spectacle has been the subject of a pretty general examination, the museums and art galleries for the once fading in importance before the curious eye of visitors.

CITIZENS' GIFT TO
THE POLICE.

THE handsome banner promised the Police Department by the Board of Underwriters of New York, as a recognition of bravery exhibited during the riots of 1863 and 1871, was formally presented on Monday, November 25th, at Union Square. About 1,200 policemen assembled early in the afternoon at Madison Square, and under the command of Superintendent Kelso and Drill-Captain Copeland, marched to Fourth Avenue and Seventh Street. The battalions were drawn up on the new plaza at the northern end of the Park, and in front of the Grand Stand. The Commissioners of the Police Department, the President of the Board of Underwriters, the Presidents of the Produce

and Stock Exchanges, and representatives of other leading commercial establishments, occupied positions on the stand.

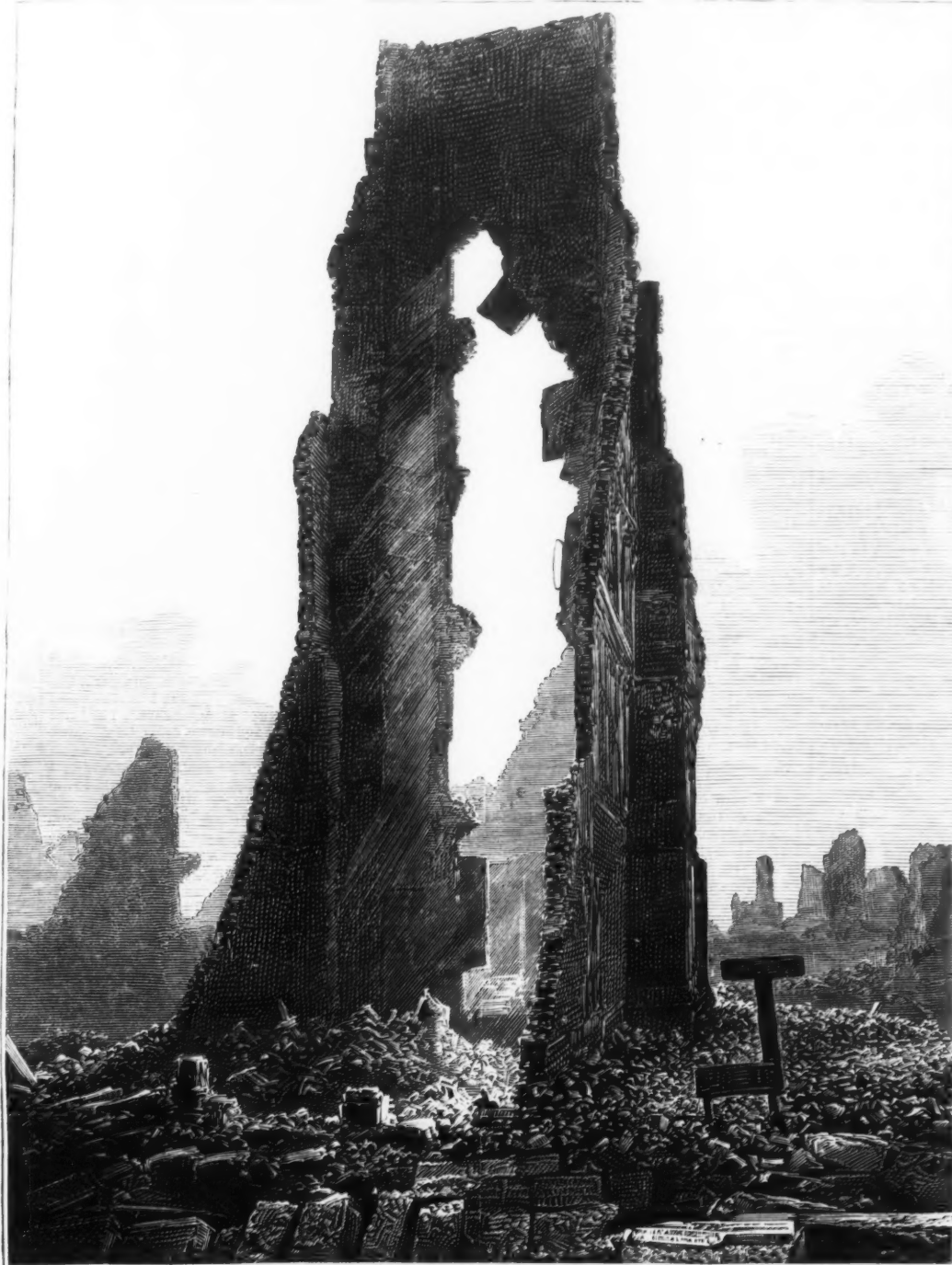
Mr. George W. Savage, in a pertinent speech, presented the banner to Commissioner Bosworth, who returned the thanks of the Department for the elegant courtesy.

The banner is of dark blue silk, handsomely bordered, and ornamented with gold-colored fringe, cords and tassels. The staff is of lancewood, highly varnished, and capped with a spread eagle. One side bears the coat-of-arms of the City in tasteful embroidery, while the other contains the inscription, "The Citizens of New York to their brave Police, 1863—July—1871, faithful unto death."

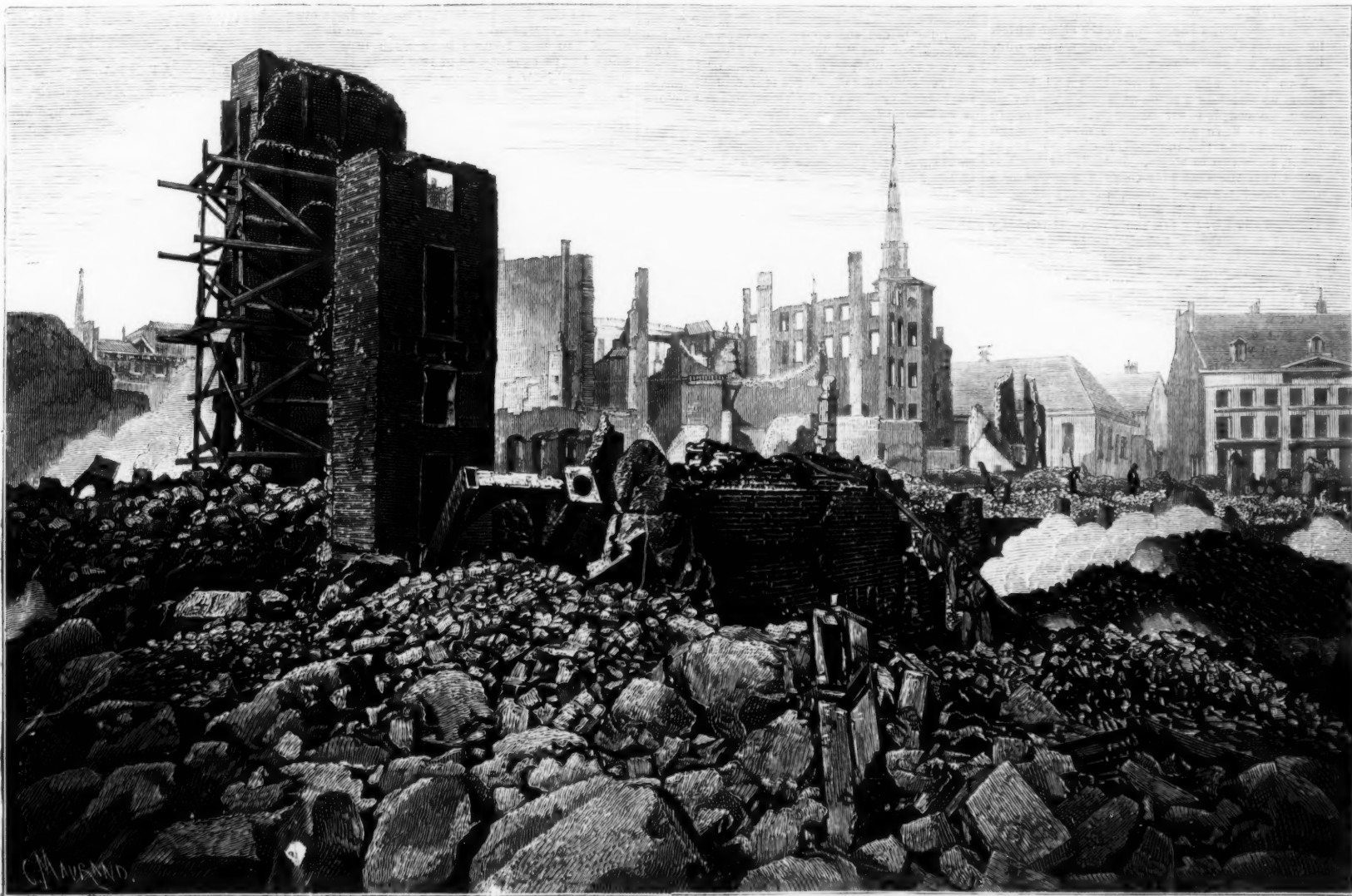
The banner was saluted by the force, when the line was reformed, and the men marched to the Central Office for dismissal. The police made a fine appearance, and the occasion attracted a large representation of our best citizens.

THE VETERANS OF 1812
IN LINE.

A NEW feature was added to the celebration of Evacuation Day in New York this year, which brought the two dates in much closer connection. The surviving veterans of 1812 assembled at St. Paul's Church on the morning of the 25th of November, and proceeded to the armory of the Sixth Regiment N.G.S.N.Y. A detail of the Sixth escorted them to the old block-fort at the upper end of Central Park, where the Commissioners had erected for the celebration a tall hickory pole commemorating General Jackson's victory at New Orleans. The veterans fired a salute of thirteen guns, and then raised the Stars and Stripes, amid patriotic strains from the military band in attendance. The Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, of Brooklyn, delivered a feeling address, and at the close of the exercises the "old boys" were driven to the armory and treated to a liberal supper. They were dressed in their old uniform, and many of them had girded at their sides the swords which they had drawn in driving the foe from the land. Many of these veterans assisted in building the fort, and the Commissioners of the Park, besides presenting them with the flag, which was appropriately inscribed, have accorded them the honor of running it up on every recurring



THE GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.—ARCHWAY OF RUINS ON MILK STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK.



THE GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.—VIEW OF THE RUINS OF FRANKLIN SQUARE, LOOKING TOWARD WASHINGTON STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK.

anniversary of the memorable day, until the last survivor surrenders his sword to the conqueror of all—Death.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

THEY tell her he is dead; and when she hears,
Right instantly she fears,
Lest they shall wonder that she sheds no tears.
And thereat, very sadly, mournerswise,
She droops her great soft eyes,
And goes to stand beside him where he lies.
"Poor widowed one!" they whisper, for they see
Her sorrowing men; but she
Makes passionate inward murmur: "I am free!"

II.
She hears that he is dead; and when she hears,
Leap the hot, heavy tears
To eyes that have not wept for years and years.
And, lo! she has forgiven him all the shame
He wrought upon her name,
So blackening it with soiled of black blame!
Then to his home she hurries, yearning sore
To look on him once more;
But friends, in awful virtue, guard the door!

THE LEGEND OF SMITHTOWN.

SEVEN years ago my business made it necessary for me to pass three weeks in the very quiet village known as—suppose we say Smithtown. It is situated on the seashore, and is a common New England village. It has only one street of any importance, on which the whole town is strung, and which runs east and west. Its public institutions are a church, a "Dorcas Society," and the American Hotel. In the desolate bar-room of the American Hotel you can always find three or four innocent old loafers waiting for an invitation to drink; and once in a while a very few younger men, whose evil propensities are the only excuse for the annual election of a constable. Otherwise, the village is sternly virtuous. As my business was not very engrossing, the time hung heavily. There was one gentleman in Smithtown—intelligent and educated—whom I made the victim of my ennui, and compelled to be the companion of my many leisure hours. With him I read every inscription on every tombstone in the graveyard, examined the church, and took very long walks in the neighborhood. One evening during the last week of my stay we walked further than usual along the principal street of the village, until we were about two miles from the hotel. As we were about to turn back, I noticed that we were opposite an old house that stood on the south side of the road. It was some distance from any other dwelling, and was situated well back in a yard containing a few old trees. Its architecture was rather more pretentious than that of most other houses in the neighborhood, and it wore a mournful air of respectability. One or two of the blinds had fallen off their hinges; some of the windows were broken; the front door stood wide open; the walks were overgrown with grass, and the lawn was covered with the rubbish of trees and weeds. It was evidently deserted, and its desolation excited my curiosity. I asked my companion whose the house was, and what it was.

"Why," said he, "haven't I told you of that house? That is our haunted house. I will tell you the story."

He threw away the stump of the cigar which he had been smoking, and lighting a fresh one, he began his narrative.

Two years ago (said he) that house was about as desolate a place as it is now. It had been unoccupied for many years. People seemed to have an instinctive dislike for the old place, and the landlord, finding no tenant for it, let it run to waste. Indeed, our town is not a very thriving place, and if a house like that once loses its occupant, it is very likely to be uninhabited for a long time. I went through the place a few years ago. It is really a very comfortable house. There is a large cellar underneath it; on the ground-floor there is a hall running through the centre; and on the one side of the hall are double parlors, and on the other are a sitting-room and a dining-room, while in a wing behind them is a kitchen. As you enter the hall by the front door, you have on your left a flight of wide stairs, at the head of which is a landing and a window looking out upon the garden in the rear of the house. Facing about you at this landing, you go up a few steps and are on the second floor. This story has a hall corresponding with the one on the ground-floor, except that there is a small room at one end of it, and on each side of it are two bed-rooms. Above this there is nothing but a large empty garret. Some of the rooms were wainscoted, but otherwise the walls and ceilings were perfectly plain. All this has got very little to do with the story, but I thought you might like to know what sort of a place it was inside. Well, as I was saying, previous to 1857 this house had been left to take care of itself, and had become as ruinous as it now is. But, early in May of that year, Mr. Wilson—he owns the property—began to put it in repair, and in a few weeks had it in very good condition. It seems that an English widow, a Mrs. Harris—and an intelligent, wide-awake woman she was; I got very well acquainted with her while she was here—had determined to come to Smithtown with her small family, consisting of her sister, Miss R—, and her son and an old nurse, and had rented this house of Wilson. Wilson had made the place really pleasant and comfortable, and Mrs. Harris was soon very cozily settled in it. She occupied the front bed-room to the right of the hall, her son—who was only five years old—and the nurse, the room behind hers; and Miss R—the front bed-room to the left of the hall. The other bed-room was the "spare chamber."

The first few weeks passed very quietly, being only disturbed by the calls of the hospitable and curious ladies of the village, until one Sunday evening in the latter part of June.

It had been stormy during the day, and none of the family had left the house; but toward evening it cleared up, and the night was warm, calm and moonlight.

After the others had retired, Mrs. Harris sat up some time in the sitting-room, writing letters. Toward midnight she had finished them, and, preparatory to going to bed herself, made the tour of the house, to determine that all was secure. With a woman's caution, she examined everything carefully. But finding the doors all locked, all the windows fastened and the rooms empty, she was satisfied that there was no one in the building, except the sleepy family up-stairs and herself. She then turned up the stairs to go to her room. It was one of those sultry June evenings, when every one moves in a lazy, dreamy fashion. As she slowly went up the steps, the light of the candle flickered up and down, died away, and, finally, went out altogether. This circumstance struck her, she told me, as a little strange, and especially as she could see no cause for it; but it did not trouble her at the time, for the moonlight streaming through the large window at the head of the stairs made the whole hall almost as light as day. When she reached this window, she stopped to fasten it, and, looking out in the garden, where the trees stood so still in their silent communion with each other under the strange moonlight, the quiet seemed so oppressive, that, to relieve it, she said, half-aloud and half to herself, "It is very warm." As she spoke the words a slight shudder shivered through her, and a hoarse voice—a woman's voice—muttered at her ear, "I'm very, very cold." The voice seemed so close to her, that she expected, the moment the words were said, that hands would lay hold of her. She turned her head quickly and instinctively in the direction of the speaker, and saw—nothing. The hall was so light, that she could see perfectly every part of it, but there was not a sign of life to be seen. After the first shock of the fright had passed, and the trembling instinct had given away to reason, she knew that she had been deceived; and, going to her room, quite calmly she locked the door and began undressing. Thinking over the occurrence when partially undressed, she did not feel quite satisfied, and, to convince herself, she determined to visit every room again, and, relighting her candle, she went alone through the entire house very carefully, but found nothing whatever out of the way, and returned to her room with a quiet mind.

It was now quite late, and, retiring to bed, she soon fell asleep.

She had been asleep two hours about—it was early in the morning, long before dawn—when she awoke with the consciousness that some one was standing over her. She opened her eyes, and saw at the foot of her bed a strange woman, wrapped in an old woolen shawl, which was drawn close about her neck and covered part of her face. The moon, now shining through the side window of her room, fell full upon the apparition. That part of its face which was visible looked like the face of a corpse. The skin was dead, ashy-white; the lips were colorless; the hair looked dry and lifeless; and the hard, black eyes, set and motionless, were fixed on Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris started up in bed and tried to scream out, but could not, and immediately the figure turned and walked noiselessly out of the room. So quickly did the apparition depart, that it seemed but the "figment of a dream." You have waked up from a vivid dream of horrors, and remember the shudder of fear, and the quick, frightened beating of the heart, you felt before it had quite lost its semblance of reality; and you remember the sigh of relief that escaped you when the real world returned, and you found yourself once more quiet and unharmed in the darkness of your own room.

It was so with Mrs. Harris. She thought herself only fairly awake as the door closed after the retreating vision. Yet, she was thoroughly frightened, and sat up in her bed listening for some noise, in the alarmed expectation that her dream might prove a reality. She did not dare to move. The minutes seemed hours, and all her being was concentrated in the sense of hearing. She could hear the ticking of the parlor-clock; every leaf that stirred outside of her window was audible, and the cricket on the hearth seemed to yell its song. Once she heard something that sounded like the rustling of a dress at her door, and once the key seemed to spring in the lock. Each time her heart stood still in fear, but nothing followed these alarms. There were no footsteps to be heard, nor any disturbance beyond the ordinary noise of the night; and at last, regaining her composure and laughing down her own foolish fears, she went to sleep, and slept undisturbed till morning. At breakfast she told her night's experience to her sister, who, instead of laughing at the story of the nightmare, seemed a little alarmed, and said that she herself during the night had had a dream, in which exactly such a woman had appeared to her, brandishing her arms and making horrible faces at her. This strange coincidence of dreams furnished them talk for several days; but, like all other wonders, soon lost its interest, and, as no fresh developments were made to excite their apprehensions, was almost forgotten.

One Sunday evening again, two weeks—if I remember rightly—after the circumstance which I have related had occurred, a clergyman, who was an old friend of Mrs. Harris, came to preach here. She had invited him to visit her during his stay in town, and for some reason or other—I forget now what—she had given her own room up to this clergyman, and that night shared Miss R—'s bed. With Mrs. Harris and her sister the night passed quietly, but on coming down-stairs in the morning, they were surprised to find their friend the clergy-

man lying on a sofa in the sitting-room, and looking very tired and pale, as if he had passed a restless night.

"Do you," he asked, "keep a ghost in this house of yours? I certainly thought I saw one last night."

"Why," said Mrs. Harris, laughingly, "my sister and I had almost made up our minds that we saw one a few weeks ago; but since then we have concluded that we were mistaken. Do tell us what you have seen."

And they listened with deepening interest while the clergyman told his experience, which was this:

"Last night," said he, "I went to my room, locked my door, and opening a window, sat down to read the Bible before going to bed. By some strange chance, I was reading of the Witch of Endor. I had finished my reading, and the story left a strange, superstitious feeling upon me, so like a presentiment, that I was hardly surprised, on looking around my room, to see between me and the door the strangest and ugliest-looking woman I ever beheld. She wore a common woolen shawl over her back, and had on some sort of a figured calico dress. That, of course, was nothing; but she looked so like a dead person, that I could not believe it was not some resurrected corpse. She had dry black hair, and wicked black eyes that did not stir in her head, and her skin had the peculiar drawn look and the dead-white color of a corpse. In addition to this deathly appearance, her left cheek seemed to have been eaten away, making her a most ghastly and disgusting spectacle. She not only stood motionless, but so perfectly did she give me the idea of a dead body standing there, that I felt for a moment she was powerless to stir."

"As I say, I was not surprised, but as I looked at the motionless and horrible figure, the flesh crept in my bones, and the blood seemed to stop for an instant in my heart. I did not feel exactly frightened, or at least I felt calm, but a strange coldness came over me. I don't know how long, but it seemed a great while, I stood facing this apparition. At last I determined to speak."

"Somehow, it didn't occur to me to ask the most natural question, who she was, or what she wanted; but I was so fascinated with the horrible marks on her face, that I said, 'What is the matter with your face?' I hardly expected that the being could speak, and was frightened really when the sound of my voice broke the stillness. But the woman, slowly turning her head from side to side, yet keeping her lightless eyes fixed on me, said in a hoarse voice, 'The lime, the lime!' and slowly walked out of the door which I had locked, and which I found locked after she had gone."

"If that had been the only thing to disturb my rest, I think I should have slept but little during the night. But that was not all, though very possibly my own experience was rather the result of my own nervousness than any reality."

"About half an hour after this woman had so strangely entered and left my room, I went to bed, but left the candle burning. In a short time after I had laid down, I felt certain that some one was in my room, and moving about. I could see nothing, and hear no footsteps, but still I was conscious of a presence in the room. At times I would hear hard breathing, and once I knew I heard a low voice, as if some one was speaking to himself, whisper close by me, three times, 'Cold, cold, cold!' I endured this as long as I could, but at last my nervousness became so great, that I dressed and came downstairs. In this room I have been quiet, and think I have caught one or two hours' sleep on the sofa. Now you know my story, and may laugh at me if you choose; but I know that it was not my imagination that caused me to see this apparition. It was something real."

But there was no disposition on the part of his hearers to laugh. The ladies told the clergyman their dreams, in which this same woman had appeared to them. They all agreed that there was something very strange in the coincidence. But what could they do? They could search the house, but that developed nothing. They made inquiries of the neighbors, but they knew nothing, nor had they ever heard a word of such a woman as was described. For some time after this Mrs. Harris occupied her own room only during the day-time, and at night slept in her sister's room. Gradually, however, for she was a resolute, brave woman, she began sleeping in her own room again. At least two months passed without any recurrence of the visits of the apparition, and they had entirely given up talking or thinking of it.

It was again on a Sunday night that it reappeared. Mrs. Harris, feeling quite tired, had gone to bed early; but she felt nervous, and could not get to sleep until long after she had heard the rest of the family come up-stairs to their rooms. At last, however, she began dozing, and was nearly in a sound sleep, when she felt a cold hand laid upon her forehead, while another hand firmly grasped her right wrist. She was awake in an instant, but before she opened her eyes the events I have narrated flashed through her mind, and she knew she could see, as she did, the self-same apparition that had already made her one visit. The terror of the former night was more than redoubled. It was no dream now; but there certainly stood, in awful reality, that mysterious, revivified corpse. For a time Mrs. Harris was too terrified to speak, and looked horror-stricken into the cold, staring eyes, while one clammy hand rested heavily on her forehead and another held her wrist firmly. At last, she gathered determination to end the suspense, and ascertain certainly what creature this was, whether human or spirit; and, collecting all her courage and all her strength, she stammered out:

"Who are you?"

The woman stood for an instant, as if in doubt to go or stay; but at last the bloodless lips moved, and the same harsh voice that had

spoken on the stairs nearly three months ago told this story:

"Ten years ago I lived in this house, and occupied this room with a man called Charles Rheinberg, pretending to be his wife. We had lived together happily for over a year, with hardly a single quarrel; and I had no reason to suspect his love for me. But late one Sunday night in August he and I went down in the cellar for some ice that was there. As we came up the stairs, I went first, carrying the ice, and he followed me with a light, and carrying the hatchet we had been using. When we were nearly half way up the stairs, he came close to me, and, lifting the hatchet, struck me a fearful blow on the back of the head. I fell; and as I fell he caught me, and then dragged me by the hair down the steps. Then, to make death doubly sure, he took from his pocket a great knife, and drew it twice across my neck, cutting my throat from ear to ear. Look!"

Then the woman let the shawl fall from her neck, and exposed to Mrs. Harris, who lay trembling in bed, unable to do anything save hear and see, two raw wounds that looked newly made; and, as the shawl fell down, Mrs. Harris noticed what she had not before seen, that the left cheek of this woman had that terrible appearance which the clergyman had remarked.

"When this was done," continued the woman, "he got a shovel, and dug me a deep grave just under the cellar-stairs. Having put my body in this grave, he threw a quantity of lime over it; then he threw in the clothes he had been wearing, and filled up the hole with the dirt. I know I was not quite dead, for I could feel his heavy boots jumping upon me as he trampled down the earth."

"I, a ghost, am miserable, wretched and restless; but I cannot leave this house, yet at times wander over it; and in this room, where we passed most of our year together, I feel more power than anywhere else to communicate with the living. My whole being now is hate for the man who murdered me; and had I the power to leave this house, I should follow him till I found him, and then I should haunt him and madden him till I drove him raving to hell."

As she spoke these last words, a little glare seemed to brighten her black eyes, her hand loosened its grip, and Mrs. Harris was alone again.

Then the overtaxed nerves must have given way, for Mrs. Harris remembered nothing of the remainder of the night, until at early daylight her consciousness returned, and she awoke weak and trembling. She called for Miss R—, and only telling her that she had seen that strange woman once again, begged to be helped from the room. That same day she insisted on leaving the house, and she and her family went to the American Hotel. For several days Mrs. Harris was very weak, and threatened with the brain fever. I saw her about a week after, and even then the livid prints of fingers were on the wrist the ghost had held. In a short time the story leaked out; and I was one of a party who went to the house and dug up under the cellar-stairs.

By this time it was quite dark, and my friend and I had reached the American Hotel again. As we walked into the house, I turned to him and asked:

"And what did you find?"

"Nothing!"

HOW MAY LARGE FIRES BE PREVENTED?

A GLIMPSE AT PLANS, SUGGESTIONS AND PROPOSITIONS.

IMMEDIATELY after a fire of unusual magnitude nervous people become excessively anxious to learn whatever the Fire Commissioners are doing in the way of preventing large conflagrations in the future. Little credit is given the patient, exhaustless study of these officers, because little is known to the public; hence, by some strange line of logic, it is imagined that absolutely nothing is under consideration. Since the Boston fire the officers of every large department have been besieged with suggestions, a few possessing a little of the practical element, but the greater portion being entirely unreasonable. That the engineers and Commissioners of the New York Department have been consulting quietly for years upon questions that are now being brought to a practical, working condition, may be discovered by any one willing to make the inquiry. The necessity of efficient, preventive and controlling agents has long been apparent in the metropolis. There are many localities in which a fire would attain great headway despite the ordinary means of prevention, in consequence of the alarming sprinkling of lumber-yards and inflammable buildings. As there always will be cases of gross negligence in the best-ordered establishments, the duty of the Commissioners is to devise preventive, rather than new extinguishing, appliances.

The idea of using

CARBONIC ACID GAS

In this light is by no means of recent birth. The power that the gas has over the oxygen is a well-known chemical law, and it is evident that if at the commencement of a fire the foot of the flame can be annihilated, an extensive conflagration must be checked. Another property of this gas is invaluable. When a fire has been extinguished by flooding with water, the heat of the debris soon exhausts the moisture, and a chance spark may ignite the charred wood, and occasion a second outbreak. With the use of the gas, however, a coating of soda is spread upon the ruins, and a flying firebrand is as sure to be extinguished upon falling on it as on lighting in the middle of the river. The gas has been used on many occasions, and with the most perfect success. The study of the past ten years has been upon the subject of

generating a sufficient amount of gas in a given time to be available during fires having a large amount of oily nourishment.

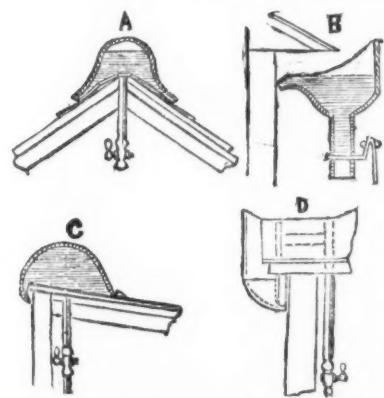
The first favorable solution of the problem was found in the small machines manufactured by the Babcock Fire Extinguisher Company, which are now happily in pretty general use. These are excellent agents for preventing the spread of a fresh fire, and might also be of signal service in dealing with one of narrow limits feeding upon oil. From this small machine there has been developed, during the past two years, a practical gas fire-engine of wonderful power and utility. This self-acting engine has now emerged from the experimental limits. It has done valiant service, and attained the dignity of a superior fire-extinguisher.

ANOTHER METHOD OF PREVENTING FIRES

Is found in the invention of Captain Edward Barrett, U. S. N. It is not so much a fire extinguisher, as a means of checking fire from chimneys falling from burning buildings. The object is to do away with the necessity of wetting roofs by manual labor, thus obviating the employment of firemen and engines to perform this task.

The apparatus is a horizontal perforated pipe, applied to the summit of a roof, and connected with the supply water-pipe of the building when the water-level surface of the reservoir is higher than the roof in question; if otherwise, it is to be connected with a force-pump, which will force the water to the height required to flood the roof.

Under the cornice is a receiver-pipe, into which flows the water from the roof, and from which it is cast over the sides of the building, so that by closing the doors and windows it can be entirely flooded, and the building placed *à l'abri* of falling sparks and of the effects of heat from a neighboring fire.



The following figures explain those on the cuts: A, Roof-flooding pipe; B, Water-receiver and side flood-pipe; C, Flood-pipe for the side of an isolated building; D, Roof and front flooding-pipe for cottages with inclined roofs, and other buildings with flat roofs.

The water from the roof is caught in the gutters, and thence runs into the side pipes; by turning the cock, it is then directed against the sides, thus keeping the exterior of the building wet. Another advantage of it is, that the invention affords an admirable means of cooling country residences during the heated season.

Another suggestion worthy of consideration is one that provides for

THE PROTECTION OF THE SHIPPING.

This plan is to turn every ferry-boat into a temporary fire-steamer on the occasion of a large fire. It is said that the cost of fitting out a ferry-boat with an extra engine and a quantity of hose would not be near so great as most people think, and as they are always on hand, with steam up, and can be moved about with the greatest ease, it is thought by many engineers that this is the best plan yet proposed to supply the present want of water at least. It is said that for a reasonable price each ferry-boat can be supplied with an engine and pump, and enough hose to conduct water from the river-shores to almost any part of the city. The new kind of canvas and rubber hose is very strong, and can be made to carry a powerful stream of water. The pumps, such as would probably be used, are capable of throwing one hundred thousand gallons per hour against a head of two hundred feet. With such an arrangement it is alleged that, let a fire break out on any part of Manhattan Island, it can soon be deluged with a tremendous flood of salt water, and surely extinguished.

The idea has received official recognition, and will undoubtedly be put in practice before long. The engineer-in-chief of the Jersey City ferry-boats, Mr. Francis B. Stevens, has given it much thought. The property lying in the piers on the New Jersey shore, near the ferry lines, is of immense value, and there are but slim provisions for wrestling with fires there. A proposition has been made, that, if the Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department will detail two or three men to each boat, in case of a large fire, to operate the special engines, the engineer of the company will answer calls for

assistance along the New York shore. The police-boat *Seneca* is not able to cope with large fires, and, even with the aid of Government and other tugs, could not guarantee much practical service.

ADDITIONAL ASSISTANCE FROM THE CROTON RESERVOIRS

might be secured, if the proposition to lay a line of four foot mains on each side of Central Park, and thence down the city, should be received with favor. Mr. Hitchman, President of the Board of Fire Commissioners, has communicated with Mr. Van Nort, of the Department of Public Works, with reference to the erection of a series of water-towers, or stand-pipes, as they are called in Philadelphia, as will be seen by the following resolution, passed at a late session of the Fire Commissioners:

Resolved, That the President and Commissioner Galway be requested to confer without delay with the Department of Public Works, calling their attention to the facts herein set forth, and ascertain if an arrangement cannot be effected through the aid of other city departments, or otherwise, for the immediate construction of stationary pumping-engines and towers on the grounds adjoining the distributing reservoir for temporary service, by which the water-pressure in the pipes in the lower part of the city may be augmented and the flow of water increased.

CARBONIC GAS WITHOUT AN ENGINE.

An application of carbonic acid gas to warehouses, and buildings of a like character, has been proposed, which does away entirely with engines. A tube runs from the cellar to the upper floors, to which are attachments on each floor. The main tube is similar to that in a thermometer; at the bulb is a jar of sulphuric acid, controlled by a rod and crank, without the building. Beneath the jar is a box containing a quantity of bi-carbonate of soda. When a fire is detected in the building, a patrolman or policeman turns the crank, the acid is thrown upon the soda, the gas generated immediately, and communicated by the pipes to all parts of the building. It will be observed in this case that the gas is used without water, while in the Babcock engine water is employed as the medium of conveying the gas to the fire.

SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINES.

When the horse epidemic was at its height, a self-propelling steamer was brought into use in New York, which had done good service during the Chicago fire. It is at the house of Steamer No. 20, in Marion Street, and has answered many calls for assistance. The use of this steamer has given the highest satisfaction. Steam is always kept in the boiler, and the moment the gong is struck the tillerman and engineer take their places, the valve is opened and the steamer rolls away without a moment's detention. It makes less noise than the team, is under superior control, and, in case of a runaway or other obstacle, can be checked even at full speed within six inches. Two men stand on the fuel-pan, and five run ahead to clear the way and hold the horses that appear liable to fright until the steamer has passed. The hose-truck is run by a horse, as usual, and may also be used by the firemen for temporary rest when the route is of more than usual length. One wheel of the steamer is fitted with iron bolts, which prevents any sliding. The engine is of remarkable forcing power. Should the Department decide to do away with horses, the steamers now in use could be made self-propellers at a small expense. Much time would be saved, and the number of street casualties resulting from the rapid transit of fire apparatus, be greatly reduced, because of the ability to stop the propeller almost instantly.

It will be seen by the foregoing that our Fire Commissioners and Engineers are by no means inactive. They appreciate the necessity of the hour, and are giving it the best practical thought. We shall refer to this subject again, our space being in too great demand this week.

PRIVATE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.

MR. GREELEY was born at Amherst, N. H., February 23, 1811; he died, November 29th, 1872. He was reared a poor farmer boy. As a child, he was almost as delicate as was Sir Walter Scott, whom he resembled in his love for Scotch and Irish poetry, romances and traditions. At four years of age he was at the head of his spelling class.

Like Lincoln, so Greeley came up in his self-made way, reading borrowed books in the hours snatched from hard toil. But newspapers soon became his hobby. He would read them by the light of pine-torches, until he resolved to become a newspaper man himself. In 1826, he entered the office of the *Spectator*, a small Vermont weekly paper, as an apprentice.

In 1830, Greeley left the *Spectator*, and worked round and about, till he landed in New York, August 17th, 1831, where he arrived with \$20, aged twenty years. He got work in Chatham Street. His first venture was an interest in a penny paper called the *Morning Post*. In 1834 he became editor of the *New Yorker*. In 1838 he conducted the *Jeffersonian* in Albany, whence he also, in 1840, issued his famous *Log Cabin*. In 1841 he established the *Tribune*. In connection with the *Tribune*, Mr. Greeley expressed the desire that "the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future ages the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York Tribune'."

Mr. Greeley was married to Miss Mary Cheney on the 5th of July, 1836, who was then in her twenty-first year. The fruits of this union were three sons and two daughters; and but two daughters survive. His youngest and last surviving boy died of Asiatic cholera when five years of age. At his death Mr. Greeley wrote,

"Now my future course must be along the down-hill of life."

Mr. Greeley's farming proclivities (so much laughed at) were born in him, and were his amusement and delight.

As a writer he has been wonderfully prolific. His editorial work covers a period of nearly forty years. This, reprinted in volumes, would make a large library. The subjects he discussed were as wide as the world and as varied as human wants and human woes. He was also equally prolific in public lectures and addresses. But his grand fame is that of a journalist. As a writer, he is the fit representative of Franklin and Bentham and Cobbett.

Vulgar errors about Mr. Greeley cannot be too promptly corrected. He was never a Free-lover; nor an Atheist; nor was he a Communist, unless in that modified form which commends the interchange of industries, or a plan of rational co-operation. Nor was he a sloven in dress. In this respect, however careless, Mr. Greeley was always neat. Nor did his diet differ notably from that of others.

Nor was Mr. Greeley a Spiritualist, as has been alleged. These phenomena he investigated and wrote about, and his conclusions are all summed up in words of his own, like these, viz.: "Better to attend to each world in its proper order." "All Spiritual poetry is weak. They write worse rhymes than the worst among the poets got off in this life;" and "Spiritual revelations are vague and shadowy. They do no practical good. They could not fish up the broken Atlantic cable, nor find Sir John Franklin." "These mediums preach too lax notions on marriage and divorce." "Perhaps they answer the question: 'If a man die, shall he live again?'" "These phenomena are no less facts, in many cases, because they are mysteries." We think it due Mr. Greeley's memory to make these quotations, to put the world right concerning him on this point.

No doubt but that his last hours were blighted by mania—acute mania, which is its worst form. This inflammation of the brain is easily understood in his case, when we think of the excitements of the great campaign, of his tremendous efforts in travel and speaking, at his age, during his Western trip, and of the many hours of sleep which were lost, in the midst of the outside strain on his nerves, at the bedside of his wife. Add to this a crushing defeat of the cause of Peace and Union, so dear to him. And his sensitive heart was much wounded by the attacks made on his motives by the opposition. But the world is full of examples of great men whose reason has been shocked by like causes. In this respect, Mr. Greeley's case is not peculiar.

It seems that Mr. Greeley's consciousness returned before death. He lived to recognize his family and friends, and to express his faith. "I know," said he, "that my Redeemer liveth. It is done!" These were his last words.

Mr. Greeley was a member of the Universalist Congregation. His example was in all respects Christian, humane, temperate, charitable, industrious, active in doing good. His light was set upon a hill.

No American is more popular than Horace Greeley. He is loved and respected all over the land. The defeat of the Liberal cause indicates neither distrust for his abilities or character. That result was due to causes not fit for discussion here. And as the years go down, Mr. Greeley's fame will enlarge. Already he is among our classic lights.

He rarely left our shores. He was only twice abroad—once in 1851, and again in 1855—each time to visit a World's Fair. In Paris he was imprisoned in Clichy, on an absurd demand of a sculptor who sought to hold Mr. Greeley liable for a statue broken on its way to the New York Crystal Palace Exposition, of which Mr. Greeley had been a director. His prison experiences were almost as amusing as those of Mr. Pickwick.

We doubt if Mr. Greeley has a personal enemy. He was loved by his neighbors, and by his political rival contemporaries, notwithstanding all the hard blows which he gave and received. A nation mourns for him. His humor, oddities, goodness, benevolence, wit, and even his temper (toned as it was in its outbreaks by that honest nature which "makes the whole world kin") make up a social life that will never be forgotten in our history—a life quite as representative, as much loved, and as permanent in our annals as that of any American. He does not die rich.

It remains only to add to this imperfect sketch, that Mr. Greeley died at Pleasantville, Westchester County, at the residence of Dr. Choate, a farmhouse near Chappaqua.

DE RIVAS.

ON Wednesday, the 27th ult., died in this city Ramon Florencio de Rivas, son of Ramon de Rivas, of Matanzas, Cuba, and of Florencia Cenas, of the same city.

De Rivas had been for a long time subject to severe attacks of illness, but up to a few days of his death his health had been comparatively good, and his sudden death comes upon those who knew him and loved him with a most painful shock. That shock will be felt through all our higher social circles, of which this young gentleman was in every respect an honor and an ornament. Descended from one of those proud old families that carried the blue blood of old Spain into Cuba, he retained all the aristocratic traits of his ancestors, while an education, attained partly in the United States and partly abroad, gave him the free and energetic properties of a business man.

Unlike most young gentlemen who inherit wealth and rich expectations, De Rivas, when he took up his residence in this country, entered into the spirit of progress, our institutions are sure to inspire where energy and genius exist, and out of his own efforts established *El Mundo Nuevo*, an illustrated Spanish journal, which, under his guidance, was fast rising in value and popularity. As proprietor and editor of this paper, he was steadily gaining a fine literary reputation, which his countrymen, and all

those who are interested in Spanish literature, thoroughly appreciate. Being only thirty-three years of age at the time of his death, it is reasonable to suppose that his highest ambition in that direction would have been fully gratified had he lived to reap the harvest of his first intellectual and business efforts.

As it was, young Rivas stood second to none in our best social circles, and to but few as a literary and business man. To the one, he brought elegance, refinement, a singularly fine presence and hand-ome person; to the other, exquisite taste, originality of thought, and great business energy. Few men ever lent more perfect grace to social life, or commanded more respect in the business community.

Death is always painful; but, when it sweeps a man like this from our midst with such painful suddenness, society is sure to feel the loss with more than usual intensity; and the many friends who loved and honored De Rivas will lament the death of so thorough a gentleman as we do.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Our flag floats over San Juan.

The Italian royal family do not like Rome as a residence.

Thalberg's musical manuscripts are to be sold at auction.

COUNTERFEIT postage-stamps have attained a large circulation.

The public statutory of the United States has cost \$1,500,000.

JOURNALS are being started in Paris at the rate of seven a month.

A MONUMENT to the late General Meade is proposed in Philadelphia.

The King of Holland is about to visit Paris. He will travel *incognito*.

JOHN BRIGHT will resume his seat in Parliament at the coming session.

THERE has been in Leghorn a seizure of Orsini bombs, intended for Rome.

GENERAL TERRY succeeds Hancock in command of the Department of Dakota.

LORD NORTHBROOK, Viceroy of India, is now visiting Bombay for the first time.

THE Naval Academy at Annapolis has 221 cadet midshipmen and 31 cadet engineers.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is going to make use of the Pyramids by transforming them into light-houses.

GARIBALDI has accepted the Honorary Presidency of the newly formed society of the Camerieri at Rome.

THE Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia is traveling in Italy, under the name of the Countess de Streino.

OUR new territory gained by Emperor William's award is the best sheep-raising land on the Pacific coast.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, JR., has interdicted, for the next ten years, all theatres from playing his father's pieces.

A FRENCH society has decided that it prolongs the lives and increases the happiness of dogs to make them work.

THE Emperor of Germany promises to make radical reforms in the composition of the Prussian House of Peers.

MEHMET RUDCHE PASHA, the new Grand Vizier of Turkey, is a self-made man. He rose from the ranks of the army.

THE invalid Empress of Russia will hereafter permanently reside in the Crimea. Its climate is comparatively mild.

THE aquarium at the Vienna Exposition is to contain 200,000 gallons of sea-water, which is to be brought from Trieste by railway.

A NEW fashionable square dance is called the Pyramid, and being similar to the quadrille, is likely to become quite as popular.

THE Navy Department will soon offer for sale a large number of unserviceable vessels, which are not worth the cost of maintenance.

JAMES T. EARL has been appointed Centennial Commissioner from the State of Maryland, in place of William Prescott Smith, deceased.

A STATUE of Baron von Stein is to be erected in Berlin, and the Emperor William has decided that it shall embellish Dönhofsplatz.

THE General Association of Virginia Baptists refused to exchange corresponding delegates with the colored Virginia Baptist Convention.

A COMPANY has been formed in Austria to insure marriage. The unfortunate policy-holder receives a certain sum as soon as he takes a wife.

MOTLEY, the historian, who has resided at the palace of the Queen of Holland since he left the Court of St. James, is about to return to this country.

THE Crown-Prince and Princess of Prussia have decided to postpone their intended tour of Switzerland on account of the delicate health of the latter.

THE interchange of pulpits has been agitated in England by the Evangelical Alliance, which seeks to promote union among Christians of different denominations.

ITALY and France have asked Austria, Russia and Great Britain to join them in an effort to adjust the difficulty with regard to the Laurium mines, near Athens.

THE Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia propose to raise during the coming year \$56,000 for the especial objects of organization.

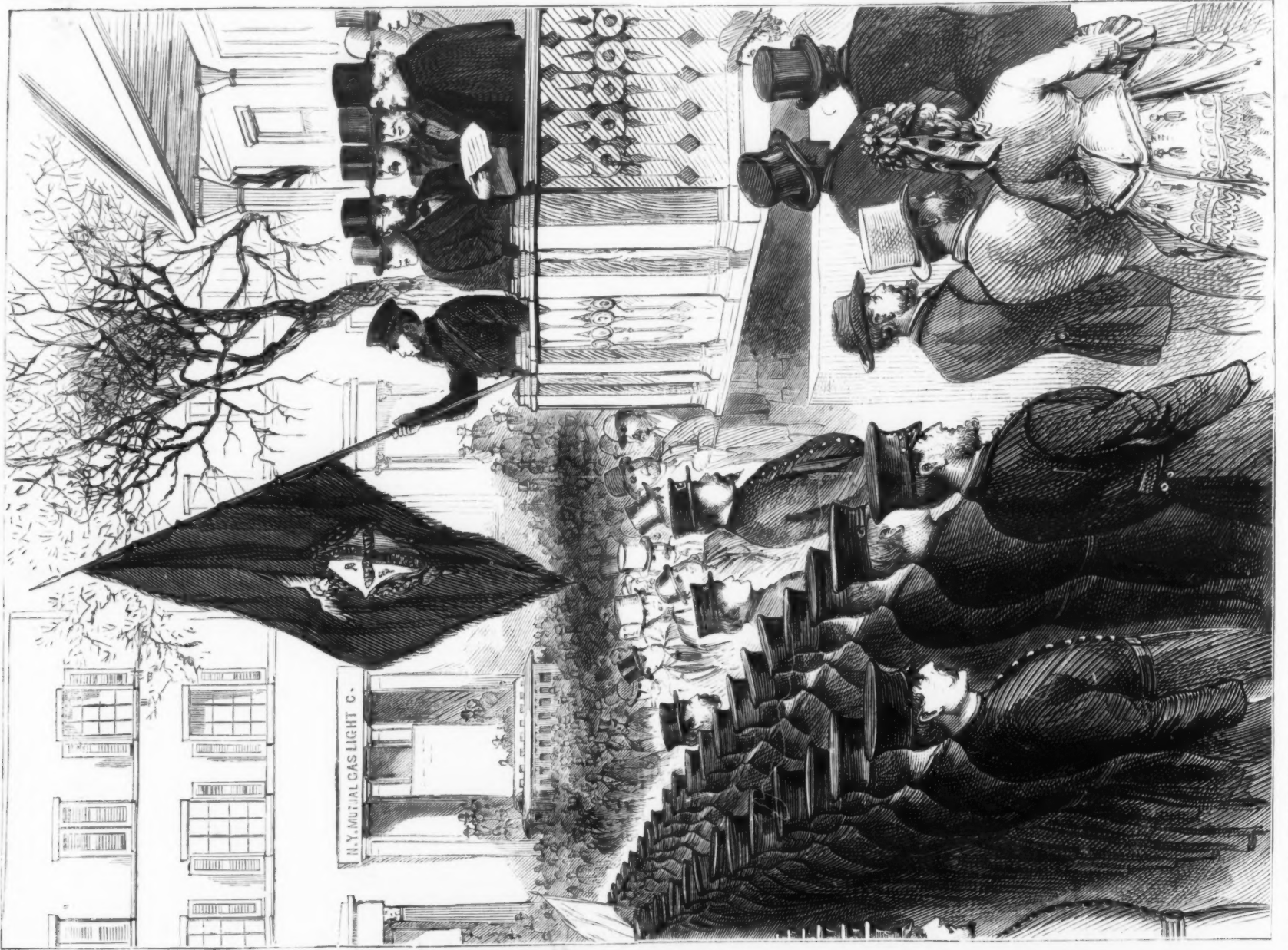
MINIATURE conservatories are the latest thing in drawing-room furniture. They are of glass about the size of a piano, and are supposed to contain choice plants and flowers.

A GENTLEMAN just from Japan confirms the report of the reactionary spirit set in there, but says it is not so great as represented, and that all the Americans still retain their positions.

SIX New York, one Maryland, and three Pennsylvania regiments have signified their intention of participating in the inauguration ceremonies of President Grant on the 4th of March next.

ACCORDING to a statement made by the Paris faculty of physicians, the blood of the 100,000 men killed by the Franco-Prussian War would have yielded iron enough for 9,244 gun-barrels.

THREE military carrier-pigeon stations will shortly be opened at the fortresses of Cologne, Strasbourg and Metz, by the General. Six hundred pigeons have recently been purchased to stock them.

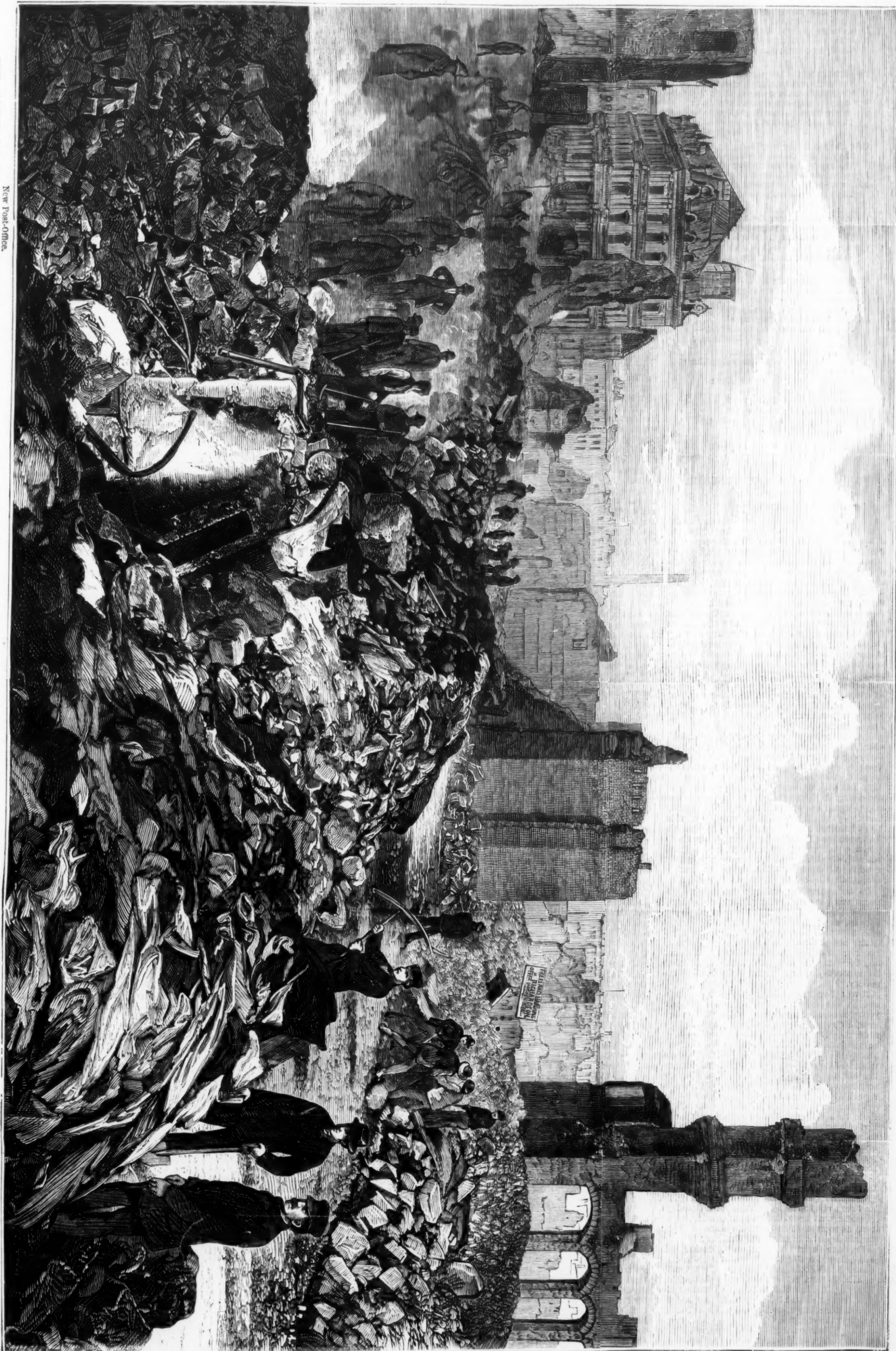


NEW YORK CITY.—PRESENTATION OF A FLAG BY THE BOARD OF UNDERWRITERS TO THE POLICE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR EFFICIENT SERVICES IN THE RIOTS OF 1863 AND 1871.—SEE PAGE 217.



NEW YORK CITY.—CELEBRATION OF EVACUATION DAY.—THE VETERANS OF 1812 ERECTING A FLAG ON THE OLD BLOCK-FORT IN CENTRAL PARK. SEE PAGE 217.

THE GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.—VIEW OF THE RUINS, FROM SUMMER STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON.—DRYGOODS MERCHANTS IDENTIFYING THEIR GOODS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK.—SEE PAGE 217.



NEW YORK CITY.—CELEBRATION OF EVACUATION DAY.—THE VETERANS OF 1812 ERECTING A FLAG ON THE OLD BLOC-FORT IN CENTRAL PARK. SEE PAGE 217.

NEW YORK CITY.—PRESENTATION OF A FLAG BY THE BOARD OF UNDERWRITERS TO THE POLICE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR EFFICIENT SERVICES IN THE RIOTS OF 1863 AND 1871.—SEE PAGE 217.

IN THE FALL.

Oh, Autumn, with thy dying smell;
So faint, so sad, and yet so sweet;
Amid the strewings at my feet,
By pattering nut and broken shell,
I feel the secret of thy spell,
The flying year in full retreat—
For ever.

Reburnished by the last week's rains,
The fields recall the green of Spring;
The hills describe a sharper ring;
The dews in diamonds drench the plains;
The leaves grow thinner in the lanes;
The threads upon the hedgerows cling—
In silver.

Pale, like the fading forest hair,
The slanting sunbeams straggle through;
The sky is of a tearful blue;
A pensive essence fills the air;
And, with pathetic sweetness fair,
The wau world seems to wave adieu—
For ever.

The cattle browse along the lea;
The piping robin haunts the lanes;
The yellow-turning woodland "wanes;"
The apple tumbles from the tree;
And Autumn, ranging through, links me
To Nature.

Oh, pensive and poetic year,
What is the secret of thy power?
Whereby my poetry would flower
Between a radiance and a tear?
And yet, I find no language here
To paint what trembles to the hour—
Within me!

Oh, Eden-world of hills and green,
And distant gleams of slumbering blue!
I find no lyric language true
To paint the shadowed and the seen:
Oh, infinitely touching view,
In vain thy spirit peeps between!
The sublimities that lie in you
Evade me.

"WRECKED!"

OR,

THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XV.—PATTES DE VELOURS.

AS Monsieur Bouchon had foreseen, he quite failed in obtaining from Therese any clue as to the dwelling-place or friends of herself or her helpless charge. When questioned by him, she assumed an air of stupidity quite foreign to her general aspect, and stared at him as though quite incapable of understanding him, notwithstanding he felt convinced that she perfectly understood him.

As the illness of the patient increased, she seemed to emerge from the apathy she had at first shown, and developed a strong anxiety concerning her state. She never seemed to sleep; but hour by hour sat erect and observant beside the bed. She never interfered with madame's assumed duties of nurse, or offered her assistance in discharging the fatiguing duties of the sick-room, and madame and the domestics avoided her as much as possible. Thus she remained, like a stern and stony image, silent and impassive.

Once or twice Bouchon observed Vantage's other lodger hanging about the château, but he never ventured to enter the house, nor did Therese appear to have any desire to communicate with him.

On his part, Bouchon lost no opportunity of conveying to Victor that his presence was unnecessary at the château, under which intimation the young man's blood boiled, and at first he endeavored to convey to the notary that his feeling in the affair was simply a chivalrous sentiment which urged him to protect the helpless, but as his protestations were invariably met by a shrug of Bouchon's thin shoulders, and a skeptical grimace, he ceased to make them.

On the other side, madame extolled his humanity and sympathized with him in his interest in the invalid; for, though not a clever woman, she had, like most of her sex, a subtle gift of penetration which was almost an additional sense, and which acted spontaneously and unconsciously, as did her lungs and heart, and by which she now felt that Victor harbored no unworthy design under the cloak of humanity.

It was Bouchon's calling to suspect motives, and in the interest of a gay and handsome young nobleman for a lovely and unknown woman, he could see but one issue; and being a rigid moralist, and personally a man of honor, he resolved that Victor should be foiled. Interest also urged him to this course, as the wishes of Comte Soulanges regarding Julie and her cousin were well known to him, and any scandal arising at this moment would prove especially disagreeable to his employer.

Victor had indeed a certain reputation in Paris as a rather dissipated man, but since he had conceived an affection for his cousin, he had to some extent reformed his manner of living; but Bouchon dreaded a relapse, and resolved if possible to secure his departure from the château at an early date.

This, however, he might have found impracticable, had not Victor suddenly deemed the gloom and quiet of the château insupportable, and resolved to run up to Paris for a few days, intending, as he took care to announce, to return as soon as he had seen his uncle en voyage for his diplomatic mission to America.

So, one bright crisp morning found him threading the streets of Paris, in the direction of the Hôtel Soulanges; for, after the seclusion of the château, he longed to hear Genevieve's lively prattle, in which she would doubtless give him some news of Julie, of whom he had not heard since his uncle and Madame Soulanges had left the château.

The Hôtel Soulanges was a square building of imposing height and structure, and of a gloomy, time-stained appearance, of which the good old comte was inordinately proud; and he

was not averse to recounting how more than one Soulanges had been dragged from it to the guillotine in the Reign of Terror, or how, further back than that, Louis le grand Monarque had figured in a sumptuous pageant within its walls, when the daughter of the house had given her hand to one closely allied to the blood royal. So, with a curious species of pride he looked fondly on the very stains and disfigurements of the grand old place, as marks of an honorable antiquity, and gazed with a pitying contempt at the bright dazzling new homes of modern Paris.

The Hôtel Soulanges was in the neighborhood of the Tuilleries, and stood in a wide courtyard of its own, where in the Summer stiff rows of orange-trees and oleanders were set in the sun, and a dragon spouted forth a miniature jet-d'eau, but where at present nothing was visible but a groom holding the heads of a pair of prancing black ponies, harnessed to a tiny phaeton, which madame would presently drive into the Bois, and on seeing which Victor quickened his pace, entered the hôtel, and, nodding to the portier, who recognized him from his gilded leather chair with a gracious obeisance, he ordered one of the lackeys to announce him to Madame la Comtesse.

The man preceded him up the wide staircase, which, like the rest of the mansion, was gloomy and spacious, and lighted with a flood of subdued and variegated light from a great stained window, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the house.

Gloomy bronzes, priceless but incalculably ugly, lined the stairs, and huge porphyry vases of fantastic design stood on the pedestals in niches.

At the head of the first flight the lackey pushed aside a heavy curtain of tapestry, and announced "Monsieur le Comte La Grange, to visit Madame la Comtesse."

Immediately a warm and rosy light diffused itself round Victor, that kind of a glow in which one expects to behold laughing and dimpled Cupids and "lucid-throated" Venuses, and Victor found himself in the private apartments of Madame Soulanges, rooms dedicated to novels, *bric-à-brac*, *bonbons*, and, above all, dress.

It was as though, on peeping into the lofty nest of the eagle, you found there a brilliant and wonderful humming-bird, for madame and her apartments were truly contrasts to the remainder of the Hôtel Soulanges.

Madame, who was drinking chocolate from a sèvres rose with a golden stem, at a wonderful table, like that at which Titania would banquet, looked up with a gracious smile, and rose with such *empressement* to greet him, that her sable muff rolled from her lap to the floor.

She was costumed for her drive, and looked charming, as a well-dressed and pretty woman in an amiable mood invariably does, and madame's smile was radiant as she greeted Victor, whose eyes, however, immediately wandered from her dusky and gloomy face to a straw-colored and slender young man who was seated in a *chaise-longue* nearly opposite the seat occupied by madame, with the air of being thoroughly at home, and who, in the rosy light, seemed to lose his individuality and assume the impalpable appearance of a shadow.

His physique was feeble, and his intellect seemed to keep pace with his imperial, which was weak and spare. In fact, he required a dark background to "express" him properly.

He was playing with madame's monkey, who viciously snapped at his fingers, and stared languidly at Victor as madame extended her plump little hand to him.

"Welcome, ten thousand times, *mon ami*," she said. "You could not long remain in that gloomy spot. Allow me to present the Baron von Plaigneus to you."

Victor bowed, wishing the baron in a less comfortable position than the pink satin chair in which he reclined; and, putting up his eyeglass, the baron stared languidly, bowed feebly, and relapsed into toying with the monkey, who was not singularly unlike himself.

Victor seated himself in the other arm of the *causerie* occupied by his aunt, and proceeded to make himself agreeable to madame, and at the same time disagreeable to her visitor, whom he wished to withdraw. In order that he might inquire concerning Julie.

Madame perceived his uneasiness, and her eyes sparkled brightly as the spirit of coquetry which possessed her suggested that it was a jealous feeling on his part which showed in his apparent distaste for the baron's society. She saw herself in fancy regaining her old sway over him, and her manner became gracious and infinitely bewitching, though, with the propensity of a coquette to inflict pain, she bestowed most of her smiles on the baron, in order that Victor might suffer from the jealousy which it charmed her to think her conduct aroused in his breast. Jealousy is as incense on the altar of a vain woman.

The baron, who was an *attaché* at the Austrian Embassy, and had a certain reputation as a promising young *roué*, and whose horse had won at the last Chantilly races, was somewhat of a lion in society, and as he had introduced an entirely new mode of fricasseeing oysters, and had engaged Offenbach to compose an operetta expressly to display his weak tenor voice and shadowy legs, as one of the Olympian deities, he was *fêted* and caressed beyond measure, and, as a leader of the *beau-monde*, Madame Soulanges certainly did her part of this lion-worship.

The baron, as we have seen, was at home in her *boudoir*. He sang duets with her, waltzed with her, rode with her, and above all, sentimentalized with her, and in fact made himself excessively agreeable; but when Victor reappeared on the scene, the remembrance that she had a rival to oust from his bosom, restored in madame's mind the piquancy of her former sentiments toward him, and he faintly-eyed Von Plaigneus suffered horribly by contrast with Victor's bronze skin and flashing eyes.

Something of the kind must have suggested itself to him, for, despite madame's smiles, he became somewhat sulky, and indeed he was not so stupid as not to see the *finesse* of the little coquette as plainly as she did herself. Knowledge of the world stands in good stead of innumerable small virtues and lofty sentiments. Knowledge of that mystery is tact, for instance, which prevents one wounding one's neighbor, and bears so great a family likeness to charity, that it is not in human vision, except in that of the initiated, to discern the difference of kin. So, when presently the baron made his adieu, this goodly knowledge lent his sulky retreat the semblance of consideration, and he murmured over madame's hand that he would leave her to welcome her nephew, who, without doubt, madame was ravished to meet so unexpectedly, and glided away out of the tapestried door like a fashionable spectre.

"The baron is so good-natured, *mon ami*," she said, turning to Victor with a smile of satisfaction. Being one of the initiated, she saw through the veil, and her vanity was gratified. Victor, who was gazing at the antics of the monkey, made a grimace, and madame playfully struck his sleeve with her glove.

"Come," she said, "you don't like the baron. Confess it."

"I!" said Victor. "I assure you, Genevieve, that I don't know the man; but, now as he is gone, and you are about going out, I must not delay asking you the question, to obtain an answer to which, I came to Paris."

Madame blushed, yet she was anxious to defer having the protestations of revived and ardent affection that she supposed him about to make.

"Oh!" she said, hurriedly, "*place aux dames*," monsieur! first relate to me this strange adventure of which Bouchon has written the comte such dry and business-like details. I am dying to hear about it from one capable of recounting it properly."

Victor, who knew of old the curiosity of the comtesse, saw himself obliged to relate as much of his adventure with the unfortunate Ophelia as he thought fit, and answer a host of frivolous questions arising from the subject, before he found an opportunity of interrogating madame in return.

At length he made a dead pause, and then said, abruptly:

"My errand to Paris, Genevieve, is—"

Madame sank back in the arm of the *causerie*, raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and through an open space in the embroidery regarded him attentively. He was pale, which she knew in him to be a sign of strong emotion, but he did not look at her. She therefore took her handkerchief from her eyes and turned a little with disappointment and malice.

"My question is, how is Julie, and why have you sent me no news of her?"

Madame slapped the monkey, whose name was Cupidon, ostensibly as a check to his inquiring too closely into the nature of the plume in her hat, but in reality to furnish a conductor to the electric fluid of her secret wrath, which otherwise she could not have concealed from its true object, Victor.

"Ah," she said, as Cupidon retreated, mopping and mowing, into a corner, "what could I do? I know nothing?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Victor, starting in surprise and alarm. "What do you mean? Do not you hear from my cousin?"

"Oh, truly, yes," said madame, extending a *bonbon* to Cupidon; "I hear from the dear one."

"Speak, Genevieve," said Victor, who caught some indefinite fear from her manner. "Is she ill?"

"She does not complain of indisposition," said madame. "But what would you? She does not speak of you."

Had Madame Soulanges paused here, though somewhat chagrined, Victor would not have been altogether unhappy. He knew that a woman who truly and honorably loves, shrinks from a careless or frequent mention of him who is ever in her thoughts, and that her stepmother was certainly the most unlikely person for Julie to confide in; but madame knew her ground, and went boldly on.

"She speaks enthusiastically of her cousin Rosclerra. He is so noble, so good, so devoted to madame his mother, and so handsome—that fairness of the Saxons, which is so agreeable a contrast to our French darkness. Ah, yes! she finds them altogether charming—mother and son."

Had madame said him, Victor would have suspected that she was endeavoring to arouse his jealousy; but she said them, and the tiny shaft struck home.

Victor turned his black eyes fiercely on the floor, and gnawed the ends of his mustache like the discarded lover in a comedy, while madame purred mentally as a cat that watches the antics of a mouse she has within range of her *pattes de velours*.

"Does my uncle know of this?" he asked, presently, not looking at her, but still at the floor.

"Rosclerra would not be a bad *parti*," said madame, musingly, ignoring his question, "and if England were not so out of the world, Julie would make a bewitching *châtelaine* for that wonderful old castle. But the fogs would inevitably spoil one's *toilettes*."

This being naturally a serious consideration, madame looked pensively at Cupidon and sighed, while Victor, who was, like most clever men, easily befooled by those far below him in mental calibre, started up in a fierce rage.

"Oh," he said, "I will bid you adieu madame. Doubtless my uncle wishes this alliance, and happily Mademoiselle Soulanges is yet free to choose her destiny. As for this lord, if ever I meet him—" But at this juncture the tapestry was drawn aside, and the comte entered the apartment, not in the easy costume in which he first met our gaze at the château, but buttoned into a diplomatic black coat, of a serious and meditative appearance.

He held a letter in his hand, and welcomed his nephew cordially.

"Ah," he said, "I am overwhelmed with business connected with my mission, and can hardly ever snatch a moment to pay my respects to the comtesse and her guests; but, see, I have just received a letter from Milord Rosclerra, containing news that is not too good."

Victor started and paled. The first thought of a lover is of his mistress, and his tongue almost refused, in the dread that fell upon him, to utter her name, yet he managed to stammer:

"Julie! nothing I hope has—"

The comte laid his hand kindly on his arm. "Do not alarm thyself, boy," he said, with a pleased smile; "Julie is perfectly well, but Madame Bellerose is indisposed, and her physicians have ordered her to the South of France."

Victor's breath came regularly, and his heart beat less rapidly, while madame, having seen his anxiety, looked at him with jealous eyes, of which he was unconscious, as he glanced earnestly at his uncle.

"Milord Rosclerra," continued the comte, looking at the letter through his eyeglass, "writes to inquire if he may place madame and her suite at the château during our absence in America. Of course," said the comte, looking, however, at his wife, "I respond cordially, and place my establishment at her service."

"Of course, monsieur," said his wife, looking earnestly at him, and then glancing slightly at Victor.

"He writes classic but not fashionable French," said the comte, handing the letter to his wife. "By-the-way, here is one from Julie also."

Victor sprang to his feet.

"*Au revoir, ma tante*," he said, kissing her little hand. "I shall call again to-morrow."

"Do, my boy," said the old gentleman, "and dine with us. We have a small dinner party to-morrow."

Madame was already deep in the perusal of her letters, and, promising to attend on the morrow, Victor sped down the stairs and into the street, where was sunshine and the music of a military band on its way to a review, and hosts of pleasant sights and sounds, but none of which could still the jealous bitterness within his heart. There was no balm at present to soothe the smarting scratch made by the claws which peeped from Madame Soulanges' *pattes de velours*.

CHAPTER XVI.—DINNER AND DESSERT.

THE Soulanges gave capital dinners. Quiet little affairs, you understand, consisting of eight or ten persons, selected as certain precious stones are, to enhance each other's attractions. They were conducted very much in the style of the enchanted banquets in the "Arabian Nights." The viands appeared mysteriously, hot and fragrant. There was no hurrying to and fro of huge glittering lackeys, but a noiseless attendant or two—mute, sombre, mild, agile, omnipresent—who anticipated your every wish, and yet left the delightful sensation on the minds of the guests of a freedom unshackled by the close observation of another class.

On these occasions the rare and massive plate of the Soulanges reposed idly on the buffets, and a quaint service of sèvres took its place on the oval dinner-table. Nymphs offered you salt in sea-shells, Bacchantes held up baskets of grapes, and laughing pages held aloft tiny *flambeaux*. The ladies came in white muslin and a charming simplicity of toilet, and the gentlemen, with the certain prospect of an irreproachable *cuisine* and amusing company, were truly amiable.

It cannot be said that Madame la Comtesse enjoyed these simple banquets with zest. She was a brilliant-looking little creature, with arch eyes and mobile lips, from which one would naturally expect a certain readiness of wit; but in truth one would have been disappointed. Indeed, save for a certain talent for scheming (intrigue was absolutely beyond her powers), and a pretty taste in dress, the little woman's mind was nearly void. She was conscious of a preference for Victor's changeable black eyes, as compared with the rather dull gray optics of Monsieur le Comte. She liked the exquisite music of the fashionable opera, as it stole on her ear through the empty chatter with which she wiled away the half-hour during which, as was *de rigueur*, she sat in her box, but she was incapable of recognizing an air heard before. She was absolutely fond of dancing, and was capable of enthusiasm on the subject of dress, and she breathed in an atmosphere of flirtation, for which she had more than a mere *penchant*. Conversation that was not scandal made her yawn, and a man incapable of flirting was a bore; so, on the whole, the celebrated Soulanges *petit diners* were in the nature of a weariness of the spirit to the luckless Genevieve.

This evening she yawned less frequently over her toilet, and evinced a certain anxiety to look her best—a sign that some other element was to be introduced into the circle of wits and *savans*. She arrayed herself in rose-color, the hue of love, and the odor of tuberoses subtly floated around her. During her toilet she actually tried the fresh experiment, in her case, of endeavoring to think steadily on a given subject, but without much avail. After all, a cat pounces on a mouse through instinct, not from any preconceived mode of reasoning, and her spring is generally successful. So Genevieve was not so far wrong, if she gave up the mental effort and waited for the promptings of instinct.

Ten covers glittered on the oval table, and ten satin *cartes* lay beside them. Presently came a stout novelist, an elderly Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had also written some charming *vaudevilles*; and madame, his wife, who was at once an aristocrat and an angel, and had entered a crusade against extravagance in dress. Had she been an ugly woman, her offense might be laughed at and

pardoned; but if a woman whose face resembles that of the Madonna of Carlo Dolci happens to look well in simple toilets, are those unfortunate ladies, who require all extraneous aid in order to render themselves less hideous than nature had made them, to be deprived of their purple and fine linen? So, while Madame de Broussa was worshiped by the men, the women very cordially detested her. There was an actor who was a baron in his own land, and possessed a castle in the Hartz Forest, which consisted at present of a dungeon and one side of a turret; and there was a charming Italian *cantatrice*, who was also a *belle* and an heiress, and who was charmed by a snuff-colored, lively old lady in snuff-colored laces and dingy pearls, who was a contessa. Then there was a fiery young politician, who edited a paper called the *Stiletto*, which spent its existence in a state of "suspension," by order of the Government, while the editor fought duels with other fiery young editors, and wrote clever squibs which were so witty that they were looked for with interest, even by their victims. He, with Victor La Grange, completed the party.

Victor was decidedly the skeleton at the feast; but, finding him misanthropic, and not at all amiable, the other guests politely ignored him, and flung conversational roses at each other without pelting him.

Victor was seated close to his hostess, and while she chattered to him, he preserved a gloomy silence, frowning heavily at the *séves* Bacchantes. His eyes were darker than usual, and heavy rings of light purple surrounded them. His lips were pale and compressed, and his dress careless.

Madame was piqued at his inattention, and with flushed cheeks turned her conversation toward the stout novelist, who instantly fell to drawing her out, and dissecting her for his next satire on society.

The dinner was prolonged, as English dinners never are, for the ladies did not leave the table until the men rose, and then they all sauntered into Madame's rose-colored *boudoir*, where coffee was served, and where there were opportunities of indulging in cozy *tête-à-têtes*.

Seeing all her guests absorbed in each other, Madame Soulanges retired to a little curtained recess where a tinted Venus sported with a dimpled Cupid, and flung herself on the divan which ran round it. She tapped her little foot impatiently on the floor, as her eyes, sparkling like diamonds in the shadow, roved over the various groups in search of Victor.

He was leaning against a bronze pedestal which supported a lofty Egyptian vase at the other side of the apartment, and was apparently looking round in search of some one. Presently his eyes discovered her in the rosy shadow of the alcove, and he strode across the room to her side.

"A moment's quiet at last," he said, seating himself on the divan. "I have been watching for this opportunity all evening."

Madame unfurled her fan, shut it again, and looked absently at him.

"Are you listening to me, Genevieve?" he said, impatiently.

"Oh! yes, certainly," said Madame, with a little start and a sympathetic glance; "but I was at the moment thinking of you so earnestly that—Excuse me, my friend—repeat to me what you at first observed."

"I said, Madame, that I have been watching for an opportunity of speaking to you all this evening."

"Yet, Victor, you sat beside me at dinner."

"Truly; yet, it was hardly a position in which to say what I am about to utter now."

Madame looked plaintively at Victor with the air of a pitting angel, and for a second placed her fingers, tiny and fine as stings, over her eyes.

"Ah! my friend," she murmured, "I compassionate you!"

Victor started, and the blood mounted to his brow. He seized her wrist, and drew her hand from her face. His fingers were cold, and trembled.

"Answer me truly," he said. "Yesterday you led me to believe—to understand—that all was not right. I came here this evening, hoping to find that I had been mistaken; but you—Oh! I confess to you, Genevieve, that your very air fills me with despair and horror!"

"Oh!" thought Madame, "see how the fool adores this silly blonde! Ah! how I hate her!" She lifted her lovely head, and extended her hand to him.

"Victor," she said, in a voice of heavenly compassion, "my heart bleeds for you. But, courage! All women are not monsters of treachery!"

He turned his eyes slowly on the ground, and his fine features became rigid. For a moment he was conscious that the little alcove turned to a blazing cavern, through the lurid and suffocating atmosphere of which mocking eyes watched him with a burning triumph in them; and then he looked up again.

"Thank you, dear friend," he said, slowly; "I am answered. Give these to Julie."

He took from his breast-pocket a photograph of Mademoiselle Soulanges, and some half-dozen little *billets*, from which the odor of wood violets came faintly, and placed them in the hand of Genevieve, which was slowly outstretched to grasp them, not too willingly, for Madame was a moral coward, and perceived that she had gone somewhat further than she had intended.

Devoted as the comte was to her, she yet understood that if her interference between Victor and Julie came to his knowledge, even her fascinations would fail to soothe his wrath; and, indeed, she had not purposed to do the work of separation so effectually. As usual, her object had been to plant a sting, not to launch a fatal lance against their happiness. She dared not draw back now, but cowardice and a touch of remorse prompted her to try and temper matters somewhat; and, as she

laid the little package on her lap, she said, without looking up, however:

"Victor, do not be rash. We know nothing certainly."

For a moment he glanced eagerly at her, and then his face clouded over more heavily than before.

"Genevieve," he said, extending his hand to her, "you cannot look me in the face and bid me hope."

Madame Soulanges raised her eyes eagerly, and placed her hand in his.

"Victor, my friend," she said, "why should you not hope?"

Her lovely face glowed with emotion, which, as its source was unknown to Victor, appeared to him almost angelic.

He looked at her with one of those smiles which speak so plainly of the ruin of love in the heart.

"You would bid me encourage a false interest in life," he said, "in order that I might gain time to anticipate the blow, and thus deaden it. No, Genevieve; I meet it at once, and bear it as I may."

A strong impulse to tell him the simple truth shook the soul of the comtesse, but for once she combated an impulse. Her lips grew white with the struggle of the feeble good within her, and the coquetry and deception which formed her true nature.

"All men are alike," she thought rapidly. "I have really done little harm. He loves Julie, and will be back at her feet in a week. I cannot incur the disgrace of saying to him, 'I have deceived you;' so the impulse died out, and her lips resumed their usual coral-red. Victor raised her hand to his lips.

"I will bid you adieu now, dearest Genevieve; if ever we again meet, I trust it will be under happier circumstances."

What did he mean? Genevieve rose wildly to her feet, and stretched out her hand to detain him, but he was gone, and she was alone in the rosy alcove, the sly, beautiful face of the tinted Venus mocking her, until in a sudden childish, ungovernable rage, she struck the laughing face furiously with her little clinched hand.

"Come here, Victor," cried the comte, as his nephew passed him hurriedly as he left the apartment; "come here, and tell Monsieur Quatrelevre about the charming unknown who is at present our guest at Soulanges."

But Victor passed him without a word, and the comte gazed after him in some surprise.

"These young men are sadly eccentric, monsieur," he said to the stout novelist. "My nephew appears somewhat disturbed. I wonder what can annoy him?"

"Madame la Comtesse is in the alcove, the Comte La Grange has just left," said the novelist, smoothly, and enjoying with infinite zest what he conceived to be a little scene in an intrigue between his host's wife and his nephew.

"True," said the comte, simply. "I will inquire if he is indisposed; and at the same time you can tell Madame Soulanges that charming anecdote you were just relating to me."

He led the willing Quatrelevre toward the alcove, and drew back the curtain, to discover Madame lying in a swoon at the feet of the rosy Venus, while the quick eye of the novelist detected a small bundle of *billets* lying half hidden in the folds of her dress.

"Hem!" thought the man of letters, "just as I supposed, a lover's quarrel. What a deucedly pretty woman the comtesse is!"

The unconscious Genevieve was in the position of a malicious child who has willfully done incalculable mischief, at which, though as yet undetected, his very soul trembles.

(To be continued.)

WHOLESALE KIDNAPPING OF ITALIANS.

THE emigrant swindle is a string upon which the sensational Press has played for many years. In almost every instance after the grievances have been graphically detailed, the entire blame has been deposited at the door of the Commissioners. In the last case the responsibility is changed, and it is but just to gentlemen having charge of the newly landed emigrants to state the facts without an attempt at colorable effects, and to give credit to a much-abused Commission for prompt and efficient assistance.

A precious set of rascals at Havre, France, have for years been prospecting Italy with the intention of inaugurating an immense colonization traffic between that country and South America. Their agents swarmed the kingdom, and whenever a band or family or single man expressed the slightest dissatisfaction with the manner of life and employment, they displayed a glorious panorama of free America—the land where every one may secure work upon arrival, at surprisingly high rates of compensation. Dealing as they did with the most ignorant, dependent class, their words fell upon fruitful soil, and during the past Summer nearly four hundred wretched beings, the *lazzaroni* of fair Italy, were anxious to undertake the long journey.

So accommodating were these scoundrels, that no plea of poverty was accepted. If the wish was signified, the agents promised profuse help. Here and there were parties owning small cottages or collections of furniture. If they were without money, they had the equivalent. The procurers were only anxious for the future welfare of the impecunious Italians. Behold, they would themselves advance money, not only upon the property at home, but upon the first year's income in the great El Dorado to which they were about speeding.

Under these liberal circumstances, it required but a short time to complete all the necessary arrangements. On the 28th of October last they sailed from Naples, expecting to be landed at some port of Buenos Ayres. After a few days of stormy travel they reached Marseilles,

and were received by other agents of the colonization outrage. Money was paid for superior accommodations; but, after traversing France, and embarking at Havre, they found they were to be hustled into the steerage, the agents retaining the difference in the price of tickets. They sailed in the *Holland*, being informed they could reach Buenos Ayres quicker via New York, and would be forwarded to South America free of charge.

It is doubtful if a more gullible party of human beings could be found in any quarter of the globe. On reaching New York, they presented letters of introduction, and for the first time learned that the officials at Castle Garden were entirely ignorant of the existence of the society under whose auspices they emigrated. They contented themselves by lounging about the large building, awaiting the accommodating agents. It is hardly necessary to state they are still waiting.

Since their arrival, they have lived entirely upon the generosity of the Commissioners. Mr. Casserly, the Superintendent, has communicated with the Italian Minister at Washington and the Consul-General in New York in their behalf. The latter gentleman is endeavoring to secure some kind of work for them. Failing in this, they will be sent to Ward's Island, and maintained at the expense of the city.

There are fourteen females and several children in the party. They are all in extreme destitution. A few have their baggage, but the great bulk is either on its way to Buenos Ayres or some other place. Everything about them bears the stamp of poverty and thriftlessness. Scarcely a ray of intelligence can be seen along the entire line of faces. They were attired in all manner of grotesque costumes—tattered knee-breeches, bag-wrapped legs, immense cloaks, plain hats and embroidered caps, pipes in the mouth and hat-strings beneath the chin; dirty, indolent, sleepy fellows, they appeared a class from which any nation might be glad to rid itself.

OPENING OF THE RAILWAY BETWEEN YEDDO AND YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

ON Monday, October 14th of this year, the railway between Yeddo and Yokohama, Japan, which has for some time been used for passenger traffic as far as Shinagawa, near Yeddo, was formally opened as a through road by the Mikado in person, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, the foreign consuls and ministers, and the chief dignitaries and officers of the Empire.

The day being a holiday on which a popular festival takes place, besides being the occasion of the opening of the first railway ever built in Japan, Yeddo, from early dawn, began to be astir, and the streets, by noon, were gay with bunting and decorations, and crowded with persons of both sexes and all nationalities, decked out in their gayest attire. The Mikado, who, until quite recently, has, according to ancient custom, kept himself secluded from the public gaze, proceeded, at 9 A.M., from his castle to the station, through two lines of soldiers, and was followed, in carriages, on horseback and on foot, by the court and members of the aristocracy, his ministers and other public officers, the foreign consuls, and a miscellaneous crowd of sight-seers. Thousands had already assembled at the depot when his majesty arrived.

The station-house, inside and out, was profusely decorated with evergreens, flags, lanterns and quaint devices. At the extreme end of the railway platform a throne had been improvised, which the Mikado occupied during the ceremonies. A native band, led by a foreign bandmaster, and assisted by the Mikado's private orchestra of forty performers, discussed several airs while the Mikado entered the special state carriage which was to convey him and his suite to the Yokohama station. The engine was decorated with flags and evergreens.

At Yokohama there was speechmaking, and receiving addresses from the citizens and foreign consuls and ministers, which the Mikado responded to by deputy. The imperial party, in the evening, returned to Yeddo, where there was more speechmaking—this time his majesty himself making a short address—and fireworks, when the Mikado made his *entrée* into the imperial castle at the head of a most imposing cortege, and with great ceremony.

Our illustration represents that part of the ceremonies when the foreign residents presented a congratulatory address to the Mikado.

BURIAL VAGARIES.

WE know an old lady, as blithe a body as ever lived in this world, who, years ago, prepared becoming garments ready for her last journey. David Garrick's widow religiously preserved her wedding-sheets, that they might serve her for a shroud. In 1673 a young married lady was, at her express desire, buried in all her wedding finery, consisting of a white negligee and petticoats quilted into a mattress, pillow and lining for her coffin; her wedding-shif was her winding-sheet, and she wore a fine point-lace tucker, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a lappet-head of the same costly materials. Diamond earrings were placed in her ears, gemmed rings on her fingers, and a valuable necklace round her neck; white silk stockings, and silver-spangled shoes with stone buckles, completed her costume. A Norfolk gentleman preserved such a happy recollection of matrimonial life, that when, at the age of ninety-one, he lay on his deathbed, he gave instructions that he should be buried in his wedding-shirt, which he had carefully kept for the purpose: that garment being supplemented with his best suit of clothes, his best wig, his silver-buckle shoes, black wrist-ribbons, and his favorite walking-cane. Mar-

garet Cousins who was buried in Cuxton Churchyard, Kent, in 1783, ordered her body to be attired in scarlet satin, put in a mahogany coffin having a loose lid, and placed upon trestles in a vault under a pyramidal monument, the glass doors of the vault being covered with green silk curtains. Another example of vanity strong in death was afforded us a few years ago, when a wealthy court milliner left strict injunctions behind her that her body should be enfolded in point-lace.

NEWS BREVITIES.

SPURGEON's sister has taken to preaching. PANCAKE festivals are now the rage in Michigan.

THE Mississippi State Fair has proved a great success.

THE Dublin policemen are showing signs of insubordination.

THERE is an emigration of miners from Pennsylvania to Illinois.

THE next General Assembly of Wisconsin will have five editors in it.

CINCINNATI is moving to found a newboys' library and lodging-house.

A SUSPENSION bridge is to be swung across the Mississippi near Minnehaha.

RUBINI has found the "coming tenor" again in the person of a common sailor.

THE Pope will shortly hold a conclave, when several new Bishops will be named.

THE new Democratic Mayor of New Orleans, Mr. Alfred Wiltz, is but 26 years of age.

THE new President of Mexico is 45 years old, and is brave, eloquent and energetic.

VIRGINIA hadn't a single cotton factory in 1864, but has erected twelve of them since.

FIVE THOUSAND pounds a piece is what England will pay her Geneva Arbitrators.

STANLEY was dined by the American Geographical Society of New York on the 27th ult.

It is said a schism is imminent among the Shaking Quakers on the question of matrimony.

THE Forty-third Congress will contain one colored Senator and six colored Representatives.

MR. JOHN BIGLIN has been engaged to make up a boat-crew out of the students at Dartmouth.

A GREAT international journal is about to be established by the Ultramontanes of Switzerland.

MR. DISRAELI will deliver his rectorial address at the Glasgow University on December 18th, at noon.

THE Haytian Government is apprehensive of troubles arising out of the indemnity demanded by France.

THE Falconer, a colossal statue designed for the New York Central Park, has been cast in bronze in Florence.

SIR SIDNEY WATERLOW, Lord Mayor of London, is trying to establish a commercial tribunal in that city.

THE title under which the Crown-Prince of Saxony visits his identity in his Oriental tour is "Professor Morssman."

A STATUE to ex-Governor John Wood, of Illinois, the founder of Quincy, is meditated by the citizens of that city.

SEBASTOPOL is being repaired, and will become again the strongest fort and the most important town on the Black Sea.

It is expected that Philadelphia will subscribe about \$1,000,000 to the expenses of the centennial uproar in 1876.

THE Fall meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced on November 30th. The amount of purses offered is \$11,000.

GENERAL SIDNEY SHERMAN, who bore a prominent part in the Texan revolution of 1836, is rapidly failing in health.

THE Mexican Geographical Society has appointed a special committee to investigate the pyramids of Teotihuacan.

THE Spanish Carlists have become banditti, and infest the mountains, waiting for the diligence and its American nobbles.

A GUARD is stationed at the door of General Lee's old room in the Virginia University, to see that not even the dust is disturbed.

MME. OTTILIE VON GOETHE is dead, at Weimar, at a great age. She was the widow of Goethe's only son, and was a clever writer.

It is rumored that Commissioner Henderson, of London, has reinstated all the constables dismissed for alleged insubordination.

DUTCH HEINRICH, the bond robber, and Rosenzweig, the abortionist, have been brought down from the Penitentiary for a new trial.

THE Persian Shah has accorded to Reuter, of telegraphic celebrity, a monopoly of all railway and mining operations in his dominions.

A BUST of Sir Walter Scott has been presented to the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis by the Caledonian Society of that city.

ALEXANDER CORNWELL DUFF GORDON, Commissioner of Inland Revenue in Great Britain, is dead. His mother was the once famous Lucy Austin.

THE tomb of Heloise and Abelard, in Père la Chaise Cemetery, Paris, has been renewed as a place of pilgrimage since the performance of the opera of that name.

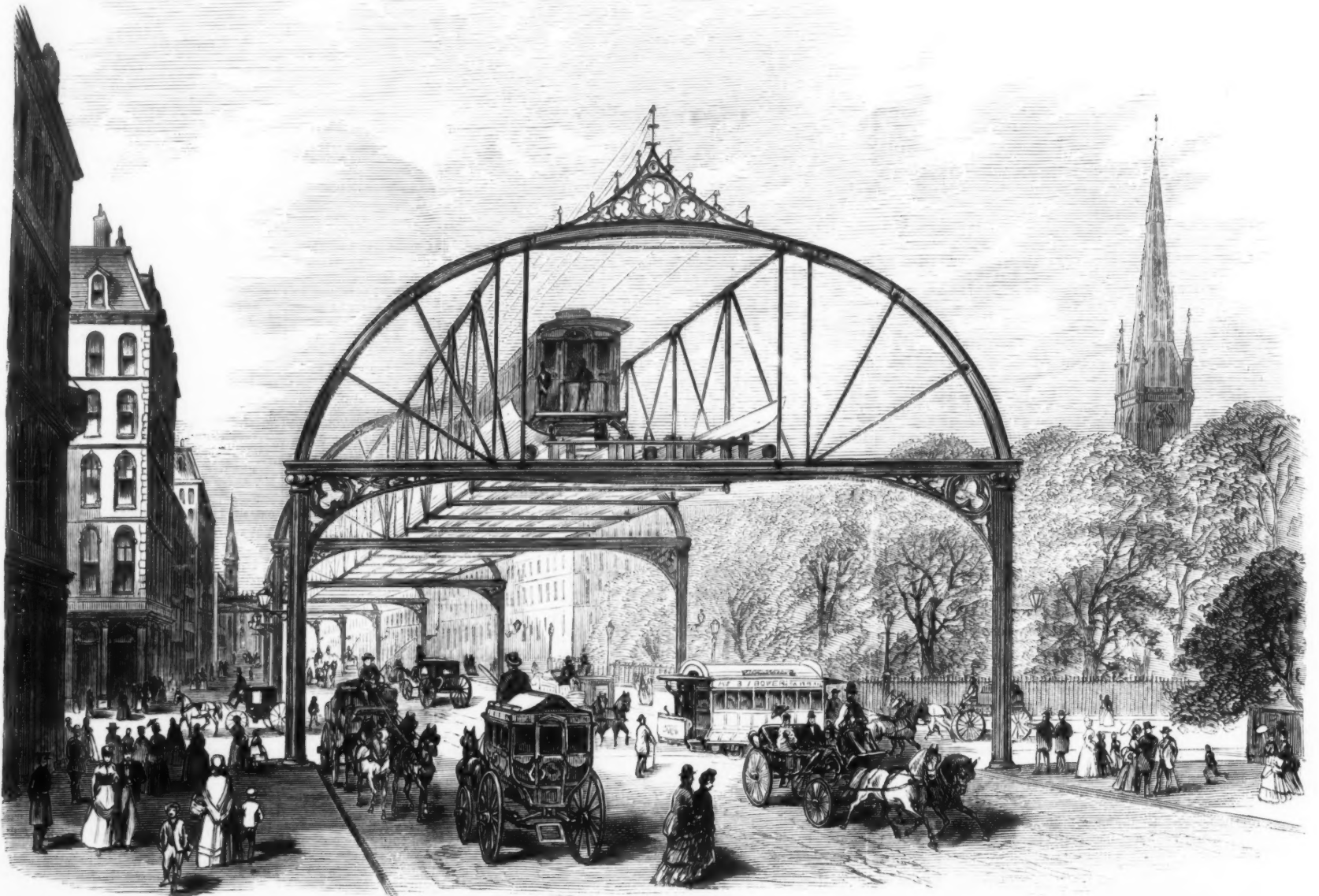
BRIGADIER-GENERAL COOK, commanding the Department of the Lakes, will, it is said, shortly retire from service. He is 62 years old, and has been 45 years in military harness.

GENERAL CLUSERET has turned up in Geneva, Switzerland, where he is living in retirement. He escaped from Paris in the disguise of a priest. He may come to the United States.

THE recent storms have flooded the Midland counties of England, causing great damage to agriculture. During the late gale ten men were blown into the sea at St. Ives and drowned.

PRESIDENT GRANT has presented a handsome gold watch to Captain Lechere, of Antwerp, who rescued the crew of the lightning-struck American ship *Wyman*, in December, 1870.

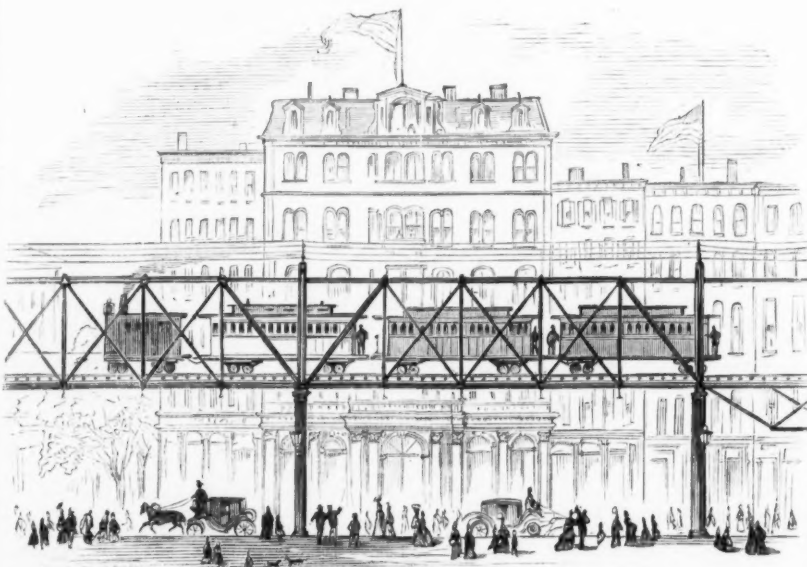
THE Duchess de Persigny, wife of the deceased favorite of Napoleon III., and daughter of the equally famous Prince de Moskowa, is going to be married again, to a French advocate who is only a commoner.



NEW YORK CITY.—PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY FOR QUICK TRANSIT.

THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY FOR QUICK TRANSIT.

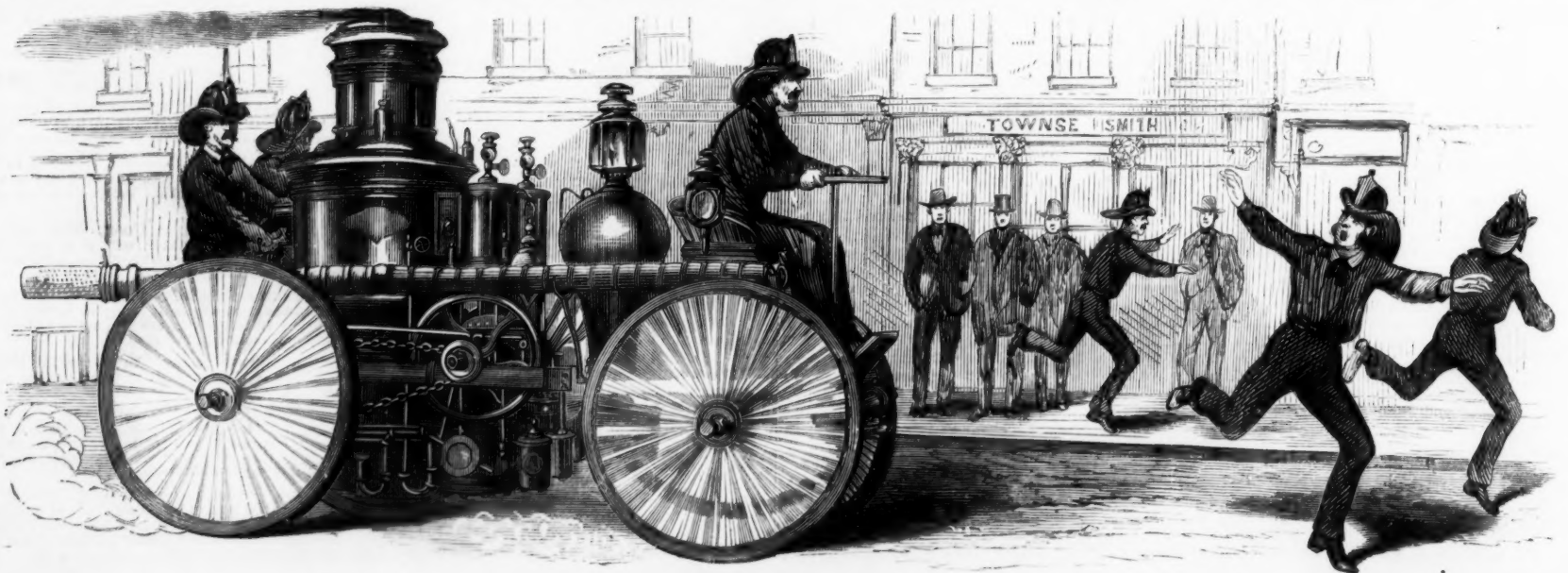
A MOST important requisite of all our large cities, and one which vitally affects their growth and prosperity, is that of safe and economical quick transit, thereby bringing remote portions of the city and the surrounding country into closer relations with the business centres. We can travel ten times faster in the country than we can in the city, where the rate of speed does not equal that of our great-grandfathers. Especially is this true of New York, where the crowded condition of the streets, and the great length of Manhattan Island as compared with its width, yearly increase the distance between its residence and its business portions. For years the New Yorkers have felt the imperative necessity of some quicker mode of travel than that afforded by the stages and horse-cars, and the minds of inventors, scientific men and engineers, have long been directed to the solution of the difficult problem of rapid transit, for want of which millions of dollars worth of taxable property have been lost to the city, and thousands of our people have been compelled to go elsewhere to take up their abodes, which, though further away, can be reached with greater facility and in less time. In fact, it is hard to estimate the immense benefits to be derived if the various parts of New York and the suburban villages were in ready communication with each other. The great social questions of the day—the sanitary condition of the



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE LONGITUDINAL ELEVATION OF THE GILBERT ELEVATED RAILWAY.

city, sickness and mortality; intemperance, and the social evil, and the prevention of fires and crime—will find that the most efficient practical steps have been taken for their relief, when the great benefits to be derived from quick transit shall be realized, thus relieving the overcrowded tenement-houses—the most prolific cause of disease and crime—and rendering it possible for the working-classes and the poor to get quickly to and from homes, where they can live less like beasts and more like human beings. In view of these facts, it is a subject of congratulation that the efforts to supply this great want are being crowned with success. At the close of the last session of the Legislature, an Act was passed to incorporate "The Gilbert Elevated Railway Company," and to provide a feasible, safe and speedy system of rapid transit through the city of New York. The company derives its name from the inventor and projector of the railway, Rufus H. Gilbert, whose untiring labors for the accomplishment of the object are well known, and who is also the inventor of the Elevated Pneumatic Railway, which was illustrated in FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER some months ago.

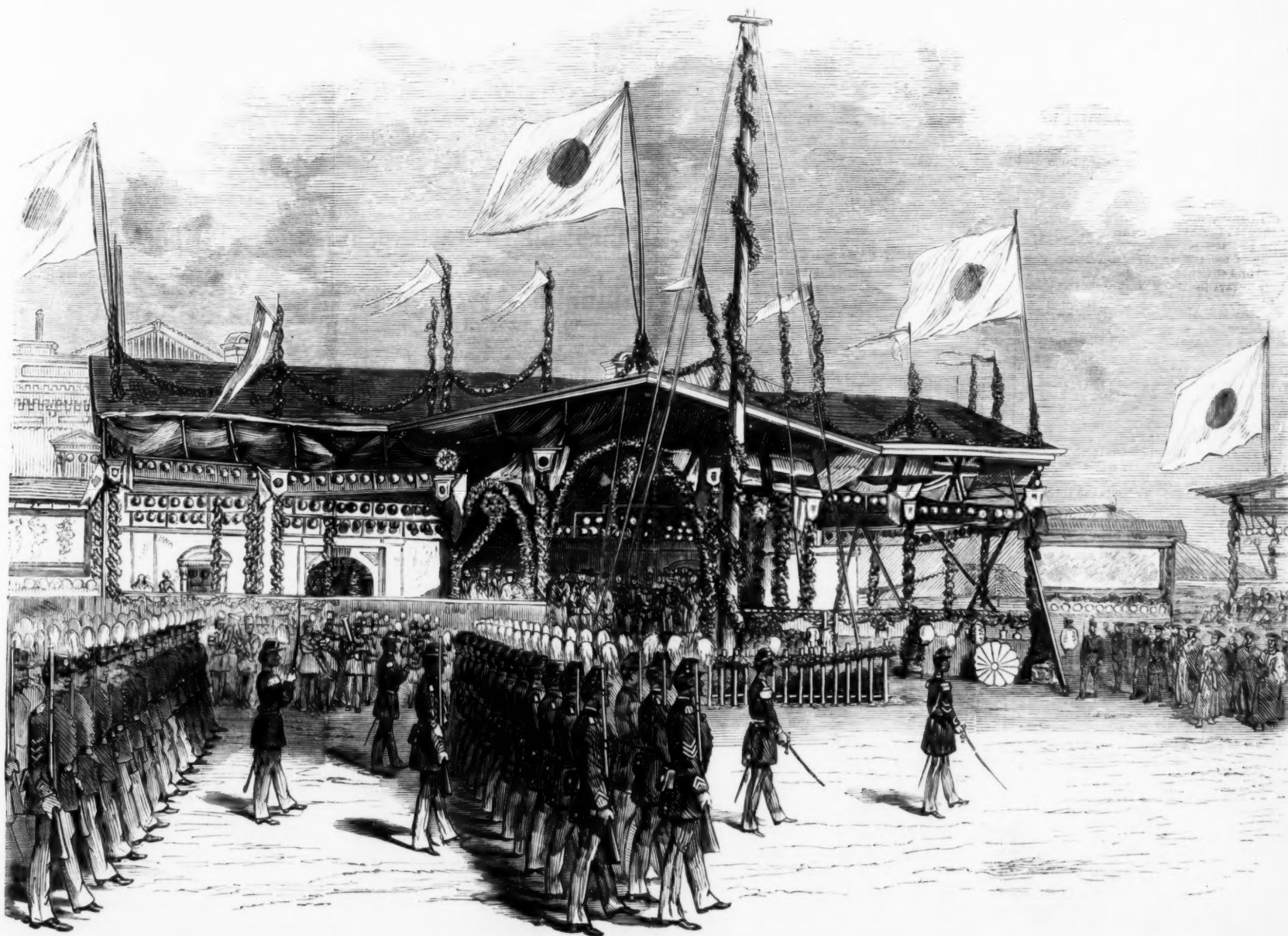
The plan combines in an eminent degree great strength with lightness and beauty of architectural design, and is so arranged as to use steam as a motor for passengers and the pneumatic dispatch for mails, newspapers and express matter, or with slight alterations it can be operated wholly on the pneumatic principle. The railway is elevated about twenty-four feet above the middle of the street, and rests on



NEW YORK CITY.—SELF-PROPELLING STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, NOW ON TRIAL BY THE FIRE COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 218.



NEW YORK CITY.—DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE DEFRAUDED ITALIAN EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.—SEE PAGE 223.



JAPAN.—STATE OPENING BY THE MIKADO OF THE RAILROAD BETWEEN YOKOHAMA AND YEDDO—PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS BY THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. BEATO & CO.—SEE PAGE 223.

arches, which are supported by ornamental columns placed along the line of the curbstones, leaving the streets and the sidewalks clear for travel. The telegraph-wires are carried on the arches, relieving the streets of the cumbersome poles, and the columns support the gaslights. The tracks of the road are sustained by latticed girders running longitudinally along the streets, which do not interfere with light or vision across the street. By improved methods of construction of the road-bed, the noise of the trains will hardly be noticeable. By means of screens, which come up on the sides as high as the wheels of the cars, their movement is kept from view of the horses in the streets below. The railway will be located on both the east and west sides of the city, for the best accommodation of travel between the Battery and Harlem.

The estimated cost of the work is seven hundred thousand dollars per mile, and when completed in the manner proposed, it is claimed that the difficult and long-delayed problem of quick transit in New York will be solved to the satisfaction and delight of the public—that the structure will not only afford a comfortable, safe and speedy transit from one end of the city to the other, but that it will be an ornament to the streets through which it passes, and will be the pride and boast of people living along its line. It is to be hoped that these predictions will prove true, and the sooner the better.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WOMAN who tells fortunes from a tea-cup need not be a saucyress.

To "BONE" a turkey—Take it when the poultice is not looking.

A PLAIN stew—A trip in an old-fashioned street railway car on a warm day.

An Iowa man recently died from swallowing a pocket-knife and injurious medical treatment combined. He got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed, but when the doctor gave him opening medicine, it killed him.

"Now, JOHNNY," said a venerable lady to her six-year-old nephew, who was persistently denying an offense of which she accused him, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his want of veracity, Johnny exultingly replied: "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked!"

At Banchory, in Scotland, lately, the parish schoolmaster, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A pause ensued until an urchin, whose proclivities for turning a penny were well known among the schoolfellows, got up and replied: "It's when a man asks you to hold his horse and just says thank ye." The answer has since earned considerable notoriety for the youngster.

"PATRICK, the Widow Malony tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yis, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, yer honor!" "Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer reverence?" "To be sure I did!" "Well, then, yer reverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig!'"

FURS OF THE SEASON.

INFORMATION FROM C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

NOW that the golden days of Autumn have passed, and Winter presents itself, with chill winds and occasional hurries of snow, the necessity to prepare for its extreme rigors is forced upon us. And when we look around for what will most certainly conduce to our comfort in the dark days when the sun shines feebly, when icicles hang from the eaves of the houses, when snow covers the earth, and when rude old Boreas sends down upon our shivering frames his most pitiless blasts, we turn to the warm coating of animals we affect to despise, with appreciative and envious eyes.

A specialty in furs for the present season will undoubtedly be

Seal-Skin,

Seal-skin sacques, muffs, boas, caps, bonnets and gloves, all being presented in the most elegant and attractive forms, and inviting to use.

Astrakhan, though still worn for mourning and traveling, cannot be considered among the most fashionable furs. It is consequently much reduced in price, and those who ignore fashion as fashion merely, would do well to purchase. We find Astrakhan in sacques, muffs, boas and caps.

Among the staple furs, the Russian SABLE retains its popularity. Its extreme beauty will always prevent condemnation.

Next in importance to the Russian is the Hudson's Bay SABLE, much less expensive, and scarcely inferior in appearance.

Those who regard utility before beauty, adhere to MINK, which, though a homely, cannot be considered an unattractive fur.

Of the fancy furs, the BLACK, SILVER, BLUE and WHITE FOX are the most in favor. The fur of the BLACK FOX is equal in value to the lower grades of Russian SABLE, and is regal in beauty. The fur of the SILVER FOX is, perhaps, the most popular of the season, and justly so, from its delicate splendor. The fur of the BLUE FOX somewhat resembles that of the STONE MARTEN, and is highly prized. WHITE FOX fur, with that of the ERMINE, will be most in use for the opera and carriage wear.

In cheaper grades of fur, that of the LYNX will be the most prominent, but in favor will be stoutly contested by that of the Alaska SABLE or BLACK MARTEN. This, however, to be at all agreeable or useful, must be thoroughly deodorized.

In children's furs, we see that of the CONEY, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, CAT and MONKEY, as well as muffs, turbans, etc., of Swiss GREBE.

Furs will be much used for trimmings. The principal trimming furs are those of the different foxes, Alaska SABLE, LYNX, Siberian SQUIRREL, and OTTER.

TO LEAD ALL COMPETITORS is the aim of the proprietors of the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine. It is founded on the very best principles known to the sewing-machine science, and improvements in advance of all other sewing-machines, are being adopted constantly. The Wilson is rapidly gaining the preference of all parties that are acquainted with sewing-machines, and it has already taken the front rank among the first-class machines

of this country; and its price, owing to its being manufactured where labor and material is much cheaper than in Eastern cities is fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, which fact alone is sufficient to induce all to examine the New Wilson before buying any other. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

Among the many recent inventions which go to lessen the cares and labor of housekeeping, one which is deserving of special mention is the "American Meat and Vegetable Chopper." It is extremely simple, and performs its work admirably. By turning the crank the meat or substance required to be chopped is kept constantly in motion, while the chopper descends so rapidly that a fine hash is procured in about one-quarter of the time in which it can be accomplished by the old-fashioned method of chopping knife and bowl. D. A. Newton & Co., of No. 20 Cortlandt Street, New York, are the agents for this useful addition to our domestic economy.

The past 30 years' experience we have had in business, has proved to us, conclusively, the necessity of using discrimination in advertising.

We endeavor to use special care in selecting our mediums, and then insert our advertisement so that it shall present our business to the public with a dignity and persistence that will not offend, or may not be neglected or overlooked.

We are making constant use of the Detroit Tribune, and find it a medium that we can conscientiously recommend. FARRAND, WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN Pianos have acquired deserved celebrity throughout the civilized world, and among the many manufacturers of first class instruments, George Steck & Co. of No. 25 East Fourteenth Street, N.Y., have attained a most prominent position. Their pianos are noted especially for their sympathetic tone and remarkable durability. Their cabinet or upright piano, containing several patented improvements, stands unrivaled.

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FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MISS ELLEN FERRIS, Troy, N. Y., earns annually about \$700 with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine. See the new improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

NICOL, DAVIDSON & Co., 686 Broadway, near Great Jones Street, New York, offer a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Italian Bronze Clocks; Mantel Sets, Groups, Figures; Bisque, Parian; Enamel Bronze Jewel Boxes; China, Glass; Gas Fixtures and Chandeliers, in Crystal, Gilt or Bronze, at a small advance on cost of importation.

SHEA, the Clothier, of 427 Broome Street, N. Y., has just received the greatest variety of Misfits ever offered in this market. He is also prepared to take orders for Underclothing (Flannels) not to be surpassed in any country for cheapness and quality.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is on Chestnut Street and Fifteenth.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the Maison Doree, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

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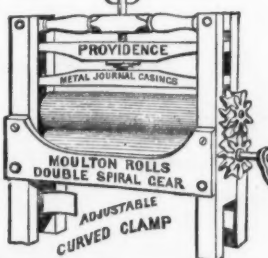
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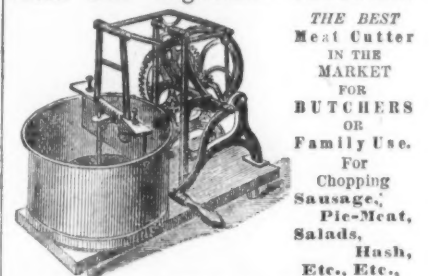
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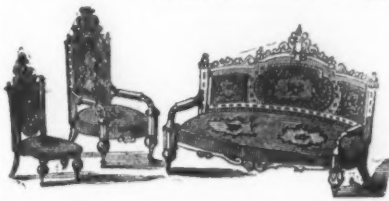
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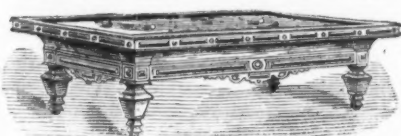
Fidelio,	Trovatore,	Nozze Di Figaro,
Fra Diavolo,	Il Barbiere,	Fille Du Reg't
Don Giovanni,	I Puritani,	Der Freischütz,
Norma,	Oberon,	Sonnambula,
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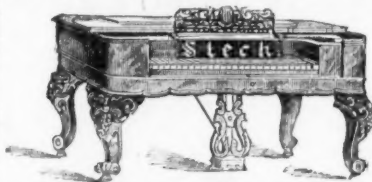
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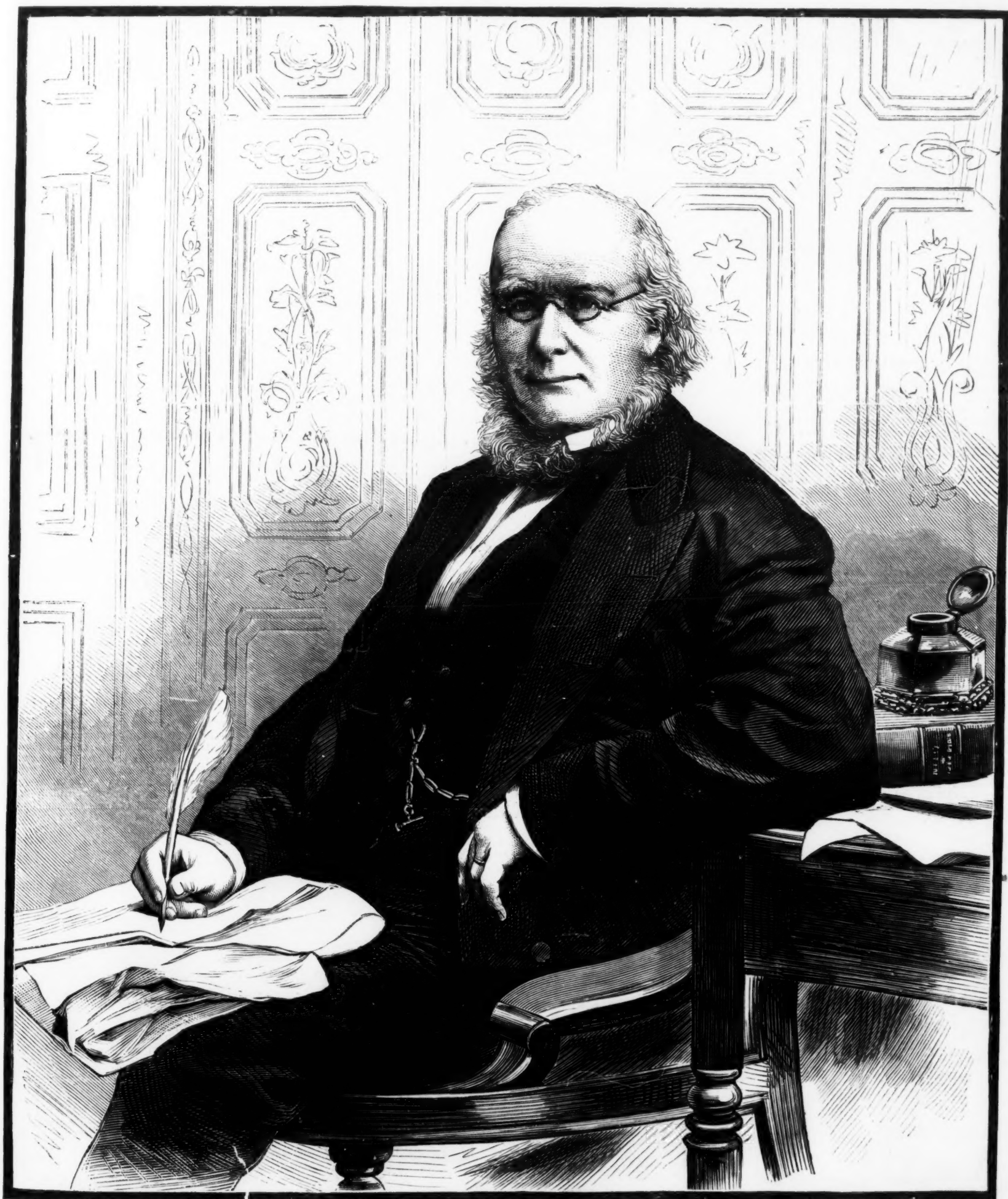
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SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 898 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



THE LATE HORACE GREELEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BOGARDUS, 363 BROADWAY, N. Y.

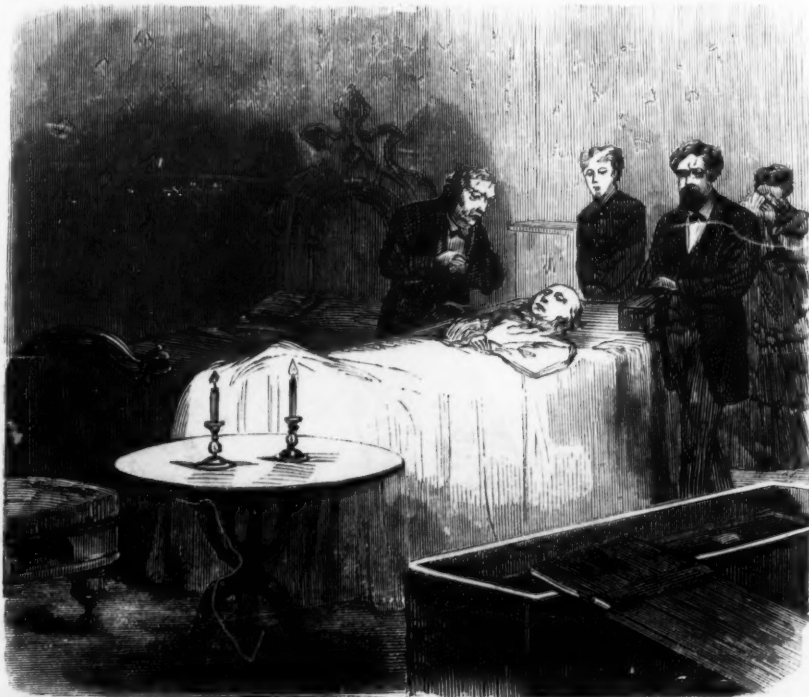


THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF MR. GREELEY FROM DR. CHOATE'S RESIDENCE TO PLEASANTVILLE STATION, ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

ALTHOUGH it had been rumored for more than a week past that Mr. Greeley's powerful mind had given way under the combined pressure of his recent domestic affliction, loss of sleep, over-exertion of mind and body during the recent campaign, and the disappointment occasioned by the result of the election, still his friends indulged in strong hopes that his malady was only transient, and that his unusually strong constitution would soon develop its recuperative power. It was, therefore, a terrible shock, not only to his numerous friends, but to the nation, when the daily papers of November 30th, ult., contained the startling announcement that the great journalist, patriot and philanthropist was no more. He had been removed a few days previous for quiet and for convenience of medical treatment to the private residence of Dr. Choate, a distinguished specialist in mental diseases, at Pleasantville, a few miles from Mr. Greeley's Chappaqua farm, in Westchester County. Here, on the evening of November 29th, at precisely ten minutes before seven o'clock, Horace Greeley died without a struggle.

At the time, Miss Ida Greeley was his only relative present. She was kneeling near the head of the bed, and praying for her father's soul, when she noticed that he had ceased breathing. Dr. Choate was at once called. He pronounced him dead. Then ensued a scene of grief and sorrow as the almost heart-broken daughter, who had lost both mother and father within thirty days, was removed to another apartment. Aunt Lamson, an attached friend of the family, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Stuart, and Miss Broderick, all intimate friends, witnessed the death scene.



PREPARING THE REMAINS OF MR. GREELEY FOR REMOVAL TO NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

The room in which Mr. Greeley died was a large one on the northwest corner of the first floor of Dr. Choate's house. It was a bright one, neatly carpeted, but devoid of chairs, pictures, ornaments, wash-basin, or any small articles of furniture.

On Saturday morning Mr. Greeley's remains were prepared for burial in the room where he had died. The body was dressed in black pantaloons and vest and a dark-green sack coat. The feet were encased in a pair of heavy boots. The face of the dead Sage bore a natural expression. It was somewhat thinner than usual, but by no means emaciated.

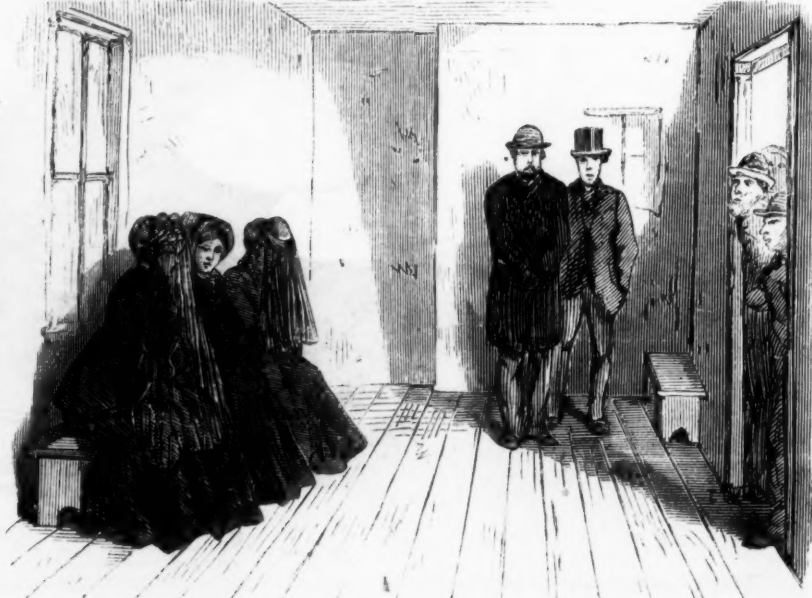
The casket in which the remains were to be placed arrived on the evening train. At the Pleasantville depot the village hearse was in waiting. It was rapidly driven through the crisp snow to Dr. Choate's asylum. With professional haste the undertakers placed Mr. Greeley's remains in the coffin. The body was then carried to the hearse by Dr. Choate's attendants. On the road to the depot but one sleigh followed the remains. In it were the two daughters of the deceased, the Misses Ida and Gabrielle Greeley, and Mrs. Gibbons, a life-long friend of the family. This mournful drive through the woods in the chill air of a cold winter night is accurately depicted by the pencil of our artist.

At the depot the coffin was placed upon the platform, where it was watched by one of the undertaker's assistants until the train arrived.

The scene at the depot was a sad one. Beneath the shed extending from the ticket-office, and which covers a portion of the platform, lay a box bearing the address, "Miss Ida Greeley, Chappaqua." A short distance off was the casket, inclosed in a pine box, which contained all that remained of the once famous editor. A single lamp threw out its feeble rays.

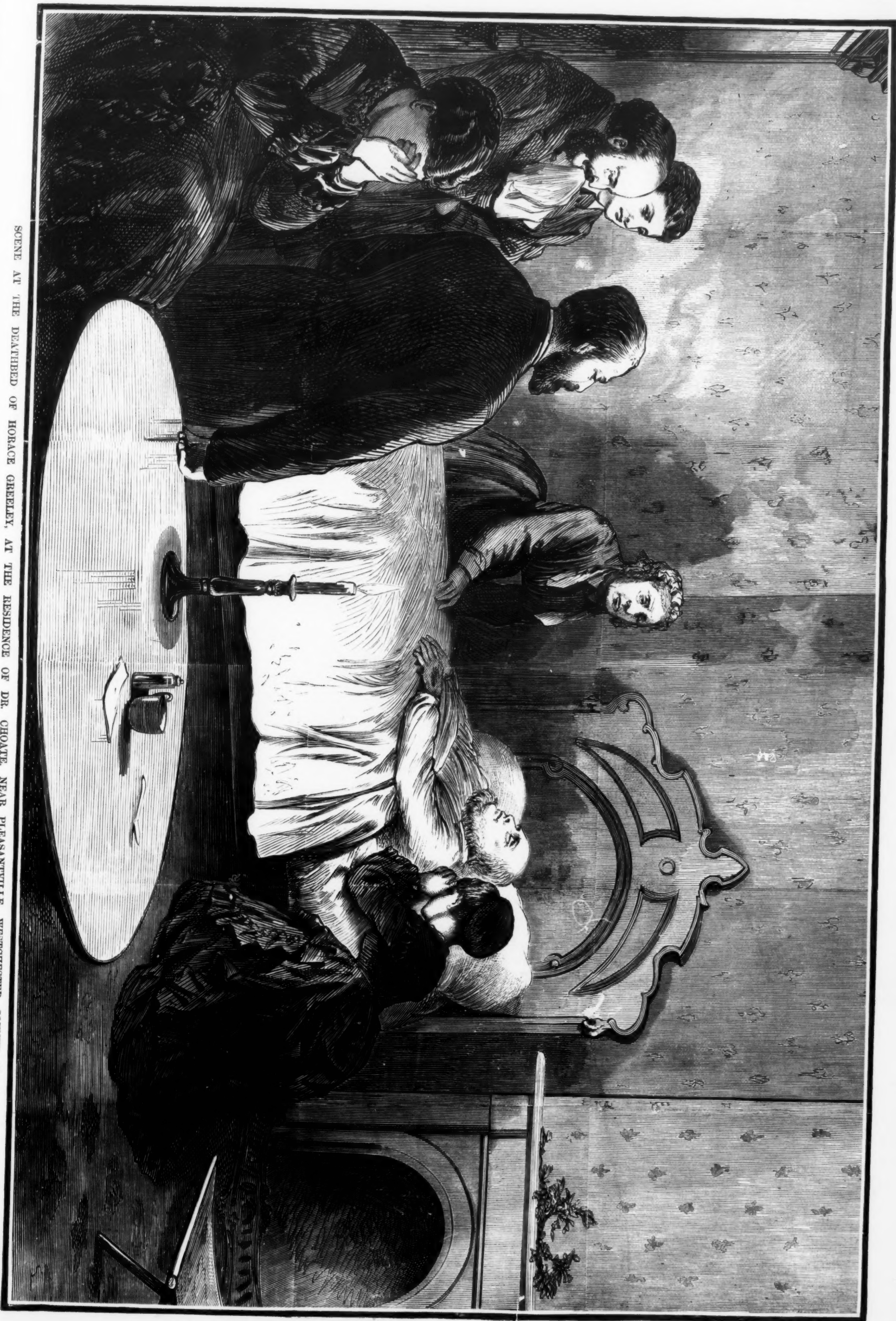


THE LONELY WATCH OVER MR. GREELEY'S REMAINS AT PLEASANTVILLE STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.



THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, ACCOMPANYING THE REMAINS, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT PLEASANTVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

SCENE AT THE DEATHBED OF HORACE GREELEY, AT THE RESIDENCE OF DR. CHOATE, NEAR PLEASANTVILLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y.





THE OLD HOMESTEAD ON MR. GREELEY'S FARM AT CHAPPAQUA.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.

disclosing the solitary watcher at his post. A cold northwestern gale swept the platform, and the drifting snow was heaped upon the box that contained the coffin. Two honest farmers passed the corpse, and with raised hats and bowed heads paid their last tribute. The watchful sentinel paced to and fro until the arrival of the train.

The body was brought to the city by the eight o'clock express train. The grief-stricken daughters and Mrs. Gibbons had a private apartment in a drawing-room car. Mr. Gibbons was the only person to meet them at the Grand Central Depot. He procured a carriage, and, preceded by the coffin, which was conveyed in a covered wagon, the solemn cortege proceeded to Mr. Samuel Sinclair's house, 69 West Forty-fifth Street. The coffin was then deposited in Mr. Sinclair's parlor, where it now remains.

As we write, the arrangements for the funeral ceremonies are as follows: The remains will lie in state during the whole of Tuesday, December 3d, at a place which is yet to be designated, but will probably be the Governor's Room in the City Hall. On Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock the religious rites will be celebrated in the Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin's), at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. Upon the conclusion of the services at the church the body will be borne to its final resting-place in Greenwood Cemetery, there to repose by the side of the remains of his beloved wife, who had preceded him in the journey into the eternal world



THE BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY, AT AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

by only a few days. The immense number of his personal and political friends, and the universal grief and sympathy manifested even by those who were recently in an attitude of opposition to his political aspirations, give assurance that the last tribute of respect to his memory will be participated in by a train of mourners more numerous than our city has ever before witnessed.

As interesting accompaniments to the sketches in connection with his death, we also present our readers in this number with a copy of the best portrait of Mr. Greeley extant—a life sketch of him as he appeared when entering the *Tribune* office by the Spruce Street entrance on the occasion of his last visit; also, views of his birth-place at Amherst, N. H.; of the old homestead at Chappaqua, and a general view of the now famous Chappaqua Farm.

Never have we had a sadder duty to fulfill than to record these incidents of an event which now thrills a whole nation—let us say a world—with sorrow. In our mission of illustrated journalism we must assume the task of picturing those things that make a part of our country's history; and in discharging the task we are consoled by the consciousness that in hundreds of thousands of households our pictures will be treasured in memory of the honored dead. Beyond this professional duty we pay, personally, in common with all our countrymen, the tribute of respect and grief for the loss of a true American, a type of the mental strength that has made the greatness and promise of the Republic.



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Orchard.

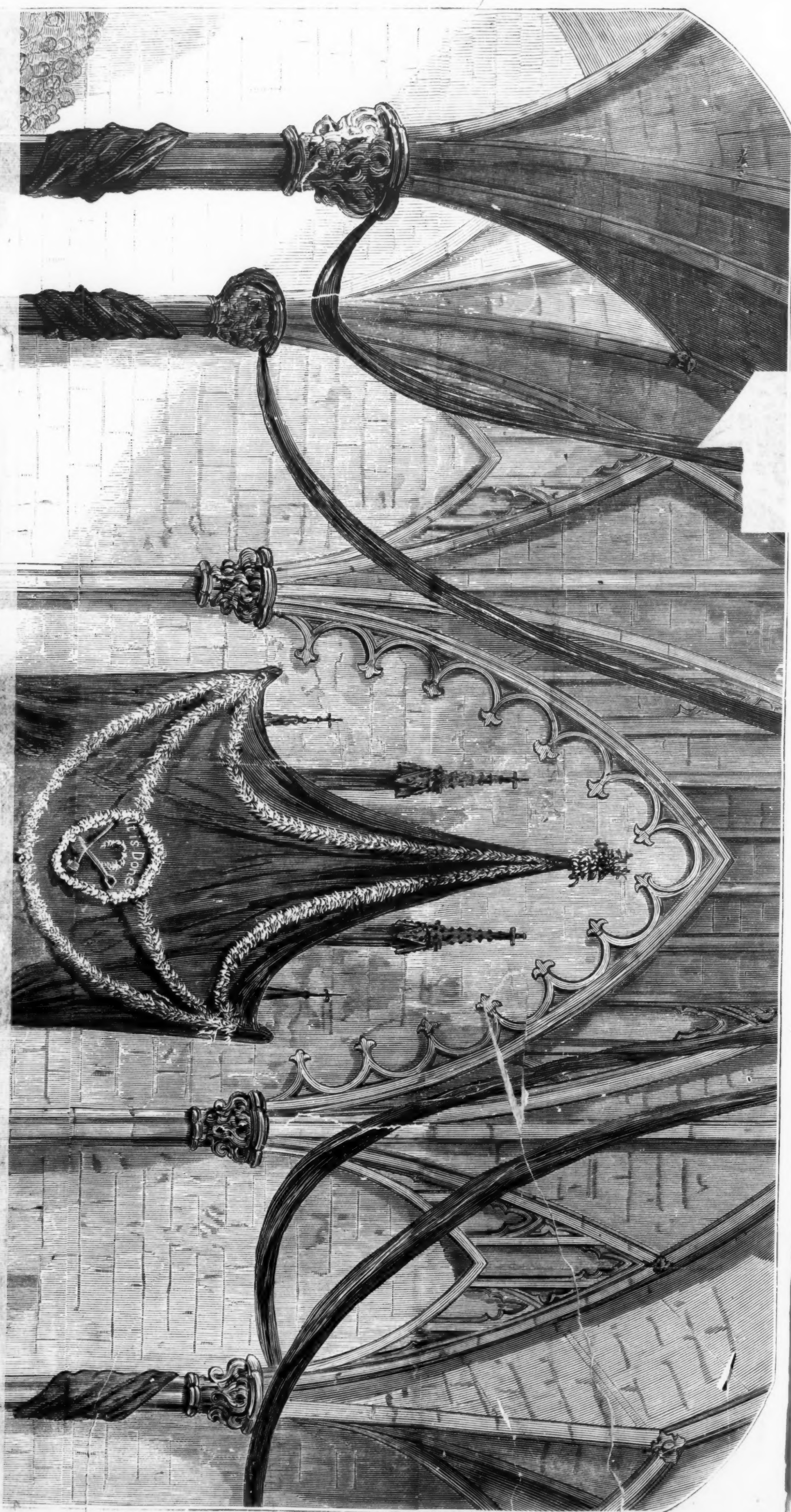
Hemlock Grove.

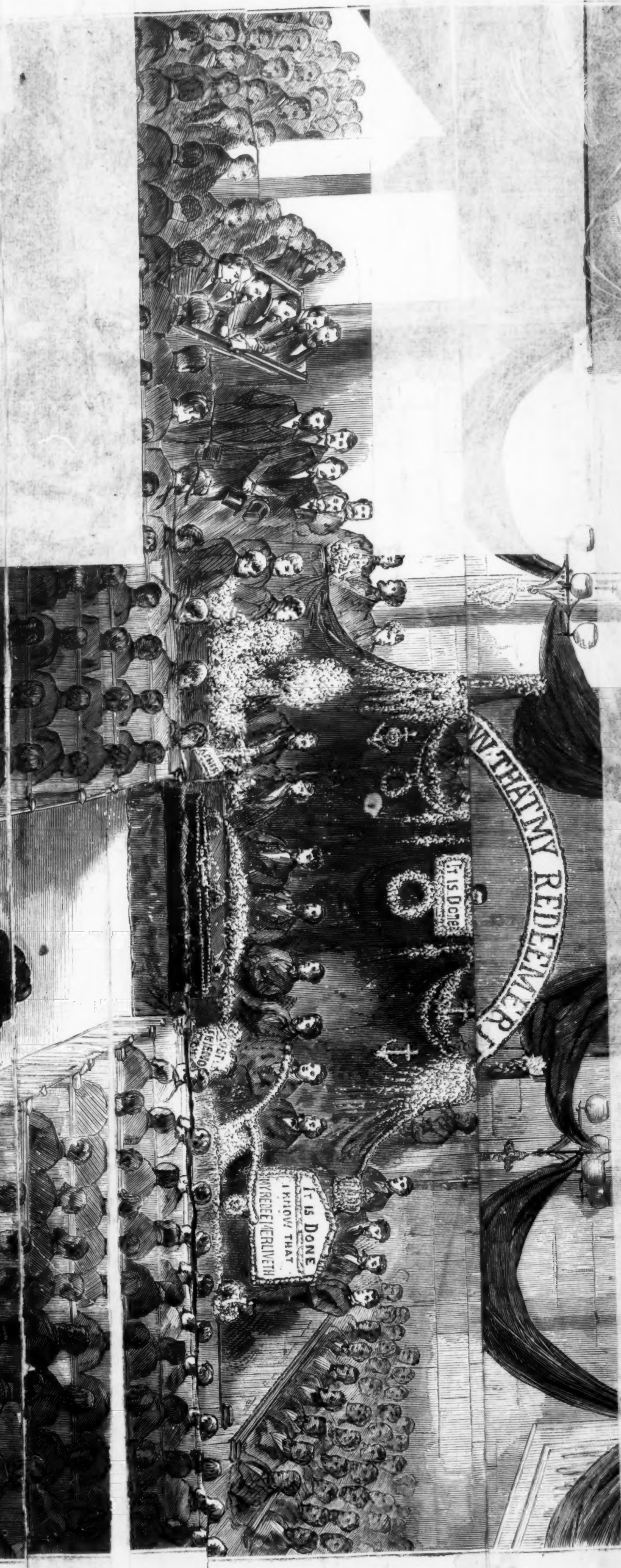
Conservatory.

Old Homestead.

Old Barn.

GENERAL VIEW OF MR. GREELEY'S FARM AT CHAPPAQUA.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.





NEW YORK CITY.—OBSCURITIES OF THE LATE HORACE GREELEY—THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY DURING THE DELIVERY OF THE
 REV. DR. CHAPIN'S ADDRESS.—See Page 239.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 DECEMBER 21, 1872.